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New Republic

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Letter of the Week

Singapore New Deal

The author of this letter, Hessell Tiltman, is a Far East correspondent and author of several books on the area. He covered Malaya regularly in the years before the war, and has just revisited the country.

IN Kuala Lampur—"capital" of Malaya, Britain's kingdom of rubber—I called upon a British colonial official recently. On his desk were four trays labeled respectively "in," "out," "file," and the last—piled high with official papers—succinctly tabbed "baffled."

That label is symptomatic of much in Malaya today. A number of actual and potential headaches are plaguing her administrators: high up on the list stand: an active, determined, Malayan Communist Party; an epidemic of racketeering—ranging from extortion, kidnaping and bodily violence to an organized attempt to suborn the young Malayan trade-union movement—by terrorist gangs linked with the Communists, or at least suspiciously willing to serve their ends; and an acute shortage of rice in a land where Indian and Malay laborers on the rubber estates "think with their stomachs."

The speed with which the peninsula and Singapore—its gateway and commercial metropolis—were overrun by the Japanese at the start of the Pacific war saved the country from more than scattered material damage. The atomic bombs fell upon Hiroshima and Nagasaki just in time to bring about Japan's surrender before Malaya was scheduled to experience a second dose of mechanized war: the invasion and reconquest of the country by Lord Mountbatten's forces was deadlined for September, 1945.

Rubber—Malaya's greatest single source of wealth—has staged a spectacular comeback. In 1946, first complete year since the liberation, 555,000 tons were shipped from Malaya's ports—nearly one ton in every four bound for the United States. Rubber exports are today running at around 70,000 to 80,-

(Continued on page 46)

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New Republic

VOLUME 116, NUMBER 16, ISSUE 1699, NEW YORK CITY, APRIL 21, 1947

News in Focus

Tail Chase

Prices

AS FAR as he was committed to any clear-cut domestic policy, President Truman was banking on voluntary price cuts by industry to stabilize the national economy and halt the dangerous tail chase of prices and wages.

Actually the President was clutching at a hope which neither he nor the other principals, US labor and US management, believed in very strongly. But with price controls stripped away by Congress and the President unwilling to demand their restoration, there was nothing left but a slim hope that "voluntary" cuts might send down the cost of living and prevent a wave of strikes (see below). His Council of Economic Advisers hoped that the announcement by a few major producers of lower costs for basic commodities would have a snowballing effect on prices in general.

Uneasily, labor and management were watching the presidential improvisation with little faith in its success and a growing conviction that strikes, probably starting in Big Steel, were a certainty. So far the steel unions and management had not come to grips over the wage issue, but the time was not far off when they must. Prices, the President's program and labor legislation before Congress (see below) were all part of the background against which their inevitable struggle would be staged. If Big Steel struck, the effect would make the telephone strike and the miners' stoppage (see page 8) look like small potatoes.

The President's appeal to business, after a special cabinet session on prices, was in essence a warning. If business does not lower prices, Truman told his press conference, then further increases in wages will be justified.

His only weapon, Harry Truman said, was "moral suasion." With those words, the President sat back to see how business would react.

Waiting Game

Steel

IN the realms of both prices and wages, Big Steel is the key. This economic reality was recognized by the CIO when it committed itself to a policy of making a settlement with steel before moving on to other industries.

If Big Steel were to announce a price cut, both the national price and wage pictures would be altered. Talk of such a cut to win public sympathy has been in the wind. But last week Eugene Grace, president of Bethlehem, threw cold water on it when he told his stockholders' meeting that "we'll have to wait and see what our earnings are under present cost conditions." Judging by his words, steel was going to continue its waiting game with the CIO in hope that labor would be cowed by Congress into acting "soft" and compromising its wage demands.

Future CIO wage policy is to be set at a meeting of union representatives from every part of the steel industry with Phil Murray in Pittsburgh April 19 to 20. Then the CIO president is expected to report on negotiations to date with US Steel, negotiations which so far have gotten exactly nowhere. If talk among CIO moguls is any indication, Murray's report will be in tough-talking accents and CIO policy will be framed in equally tough terms.

The industrywide steel contract expires April 30. If the pattern of previous negotiations is followed, US Steel President Ben Fairless will meet Murray in a hotel room some time before that date. Murray will name his price. Fairless will reply that he must consult his directors. Then the pulling and hauling will start.

Steel-industry spokesmen contend that even a 10-cent-per-hour wage increase (too little for the CIO to talk about) would wipe out most of US Steel's $88.6 million net profit reported for 1946. Just how steel arrives at such a conclusion is unclear. CIO officials, who study steel production costs as closely as any manager, insist that a 10-cent raise for all the 800,000 to 900,000 workers employed by US Steel would cost only $31 million after taxes. They say steel could grant a 20-cent raise and, operating at only 75 percent of capacity, make 50 percent more profit than in 1936-37.

One of the basic reasons why steel profits are so high (and expected to be even higher when the first quarterly report for 1947 is issued) is that steel's real prices have risen sharply in the past year. During White House negotiations a year ago steel was granted a $5-per-ton blanket increase. On some steel products the profit margin is higher than on others, so the steel industry turned production to those with the higher margin, discontinued those with low margins. The result, according to an OPA survey, was a $9 price rise-in-fact for steel products. Nine dollars instead of five.

This is another economic reality which the CIO recognizes. Labor, to say nothing of the Truman Administration, hopes the steel companies will also take cognizance of it in the coming struggle for a new contract.

Whole Hog

Congress

NEITHER labor nor management was fooled by the Bureau of Labor Statistics figures showing that the first quarter of 1947 was a period of unusual peace. Labor watched the 1946 annual

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corporate reports roll off the presses studded with golden dollar signs while the value of consumers' dollars went down and down. The rank and file was held in check with difficulty by its leaders, who were anxious to do nothing to bait Congress. Industry was stalling negotiations in the hope that Congress would come to its rescue.

By the end of last week the fog of endless committee hearings had rolled away and it was possible to survey the muddy road ahead. The House Labor Committee, 15 to four (three Democrats abstained), reported out a bill which put labor's patience in a pathetic light. It went the whole hog: outlawed both the closed shop and industrywide bargaining; permitted injunctions against strikes affecting public safety and health; replaced the NLRB with a labor-management-relations board; forbade a strike to enforce union "featherbed" rules, outlawed "royalties" of the type which support the miners' welfare fund; deprived unions of bargaining rights if they have officers who can "reasonably be regarded" as Communists or Communist sympathizers; punished all jurisdictional strikes under the anti-trust laws; and included a host of other provisions which would set labor back two generations. Passage by House Republicans and several dozen Democrats seemed likely.

In the Senate Labor Committee, Taft's bill, somewhat less punitive than the House measure, was being whittled down by the determined action of a bipartisan group composed of Senators Ives (N. Y.), Murray (Mont.), Thomas (Utah), Pepper (Fla.), Hill (Ala.), Morse (Ore.), Aiken (Vt.) and sometimes Ellender (La.). Decision on the most stringent features of the bill was postponed over the weekend, but Senator Taft expected the measure to be laid before the Senate this week. Although it bears his name, it will not be the bill he wanted. As with the Case bill last year, the real anti-labor teeth will probably be written back in on the Senate floor. The bill which will finally be approved by Congress will probably be the one written on the Senate floor, and it will probably be an omnibus bill containing all of Congress' plans to restrict labor.

"The Great Debate"

Foreign Affairs

BY NO stretch of the imagination could anyone truthfully characterize what was going on in the US Senate as "The Great Debate." The upper chamber was listless, if not bored, as it droned along toward a final vote on President Truman's proposal to send $400 million in military and economic aid to Greece and Turkey. Almost every speaker talked to several dozen vacant desks. One afternoon the Senate shut up shop for an hour because no one wanted the floor. Nearly every speaker referred to the "momentous decision" Congress was about to make. Few talked as though they really believed it.

Senate support for the Truman Doctrine would be as decisive as it was unenthusiastic. Even Florida's Claude Pepper (D), outspoken critic of the Truman approach to the problem, probably would vote for the bill after a substitute, proposed by him and Glen Taylor (D, Idaho), was rejected. Most of the handful who would vote "nay" at the showdown were diehard isolationists, opposed to the measure for all the wrong reasons. It might be different in the House, but most observers doubted it.

How had this situation come about? Why was it that the President was getting what he had asked for almost by default?

First of all, Senators and Representatives were reluctant to lay themselves open to the charge that they had failed to uphold the President at a grave moment in world history. Once Truman had pronounced his doctrine, it became official US policy in the minds of peoples throughout the world. Repudiation by Congress would lose the US much prestige in world politics. Several Senators indicated this was the major reason for their reluctant decision to go along.

Second, Senator Arthur H. Vandenberg (R, Mich.), leading the floor fight for the bill, had pulled off a shrewd political move, which met some of the objections of those who felt concerned about by-passing the UN. The Vandenberg amendment, already incorporated into the bill, would give both the UN Security Council and General Assembly the power, by majority vote, to order the US to cease assistance for Greece and Turkey when it was determined that the UN could take over. This satisfied some doubters completely and placated others enough so that they would vote approval. (It also silenced critics who were saying that Vandenberg had become too much of a "yes" man for the Administration on this issue.)

But Vandenberg's move also cut down effective opposition on the international front. It helped destroy the opportunity of Andrei Gromyko's belated speech in the UN Security Council. The Russian delegate had waited far too long before speaking up. All his arguments had been voiced, and in more specific terms. On top of that, he completely ignored the Vandenberg UN amendment in addressing the agency where its practical application would be tested.

If Gromyko made any converts, it probably was with his hard-hitting criticism of the Turkish part of the Truman program. This criticism also had been voiced from the start, but it was becoming more timely. In fact, since the introduction of the Vandenberg amendment, the case against Turkey had become the most effective argument against the Senate bill. Senator Edwin C. Johnson (D, Colo.) had introduced an amendment eliminating all references to Turkey and leaving the bill strictly an aid-to-Greece proposition. The chances for the Johnson amendment, however, were slim. It simply would get more votes than any other proposed changes not approved by Vandenberg and the Administration.

Pangs

Food

SPRING breathed its benediction across Europe but it could do little now to soften the hunger and hardship that were still commonplace almost two years after victory. In the well fed US, charity had become a jaded virtue. UNRRA would be dead by June 30 and so far there was little to take its place. General Marshall, in his debut as Secretary of State, had put foreign relief at the top of his list of legislation wants. But the Administration's $350 million relief bill for five European countries had languished for seven weeks in Congress, bobbing in the wake of military

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reinforcements for Greece and Turkey.

Tuberculosis was creeping menacingly across the continent, quietly emerging as the number-one killer of Europe. In Berlin, it was chalking up 400 new cases, 150 deaths a week. The military government of Germany's US zone noted that another disease of malnutrition was making an appearance. The cause of the outbreak of pellagra was laid to diminishing food stocks.

To the east, the one-time wheat granary of the Balkans was reaping the toll of two years of drought. Rumania was Europe's blackest plague spot. Typhus was raging in the mud hovels of Moldavia and at least 600,000 persons had tuberculosis. Wages were raised as high as 700 percent, but workers still could buy little to eat over the counter in the inflation-ridden country. The cry for wheat echoed hollowly across the scarred black earth of the Soviet Union. Reports persisted that starvation had killed thousands of peasants in the Ukraine, the lower Volga, the upper Volga and western Siberia.

In the rich grass country of Ireland, farmers were working against time to save the country from famine next winter and spring. Tractors borrowed from railroads and industries were moving day and night to plow up the earth. But the recent frosts and floods meant that less than one-fourth of the country's target of wheat acreage would be met.

The flooded-out land in England was being reclaimed by floating cranes and pumps brought from the Netherlands. Farmers already faced an estimated $80 million loss. And the effect of the floods and blizzards on the nation's larder—the total of wheat, potatoes, sheep, lambs and cattle destroyed—was even more serious. Some 300,000 Britons were awaiting transportation to take them to Australia, South Africa, New Zealand and Canada. Hungry, unemployed Italians were eager to leave their country, too, for welcoming Argentina, but Premier Alcide de Gasperi said he could not even find enough cash to rent ships to take them.

The New York *Herald Tribune's* sober Walter Lippmann concluded: "The danger of a European economic collapse is the threat that hangs over us and all the world. . . ."

Wallace Trip

LONDONERS last week opened their *Evening Standard* to a Low cartoon of Henry Wallace arriving with his now famous box of hatching eggs in hand. The other hand was cupped over searching eyes. "I am looking for the progressive forces that believe in world unity in behalf of peace," he was quoted. In a dark corner of the drawing a man trapped under the heavy blocks of the Great Wall of Europe was answering: "Here I am, Henry!"

A similar cry echoed from many places—from a capacity audience in London's Central Hall (in response to "The world is devastated and hungry; the world is crying out not for American guns and tanks to spread more hunger, but for American plows and machines to fulfill the promise of peace"), from 4,000 British miners gathered around a boxing ring in Manchester ("If campaigning for peace in England is a crime. I am convicted") and from 15 million listeners to the BBC ("The one kind of power politics which will work in the modern world is to use power to create world prosperity and increase abundance").

To all these audiences Henry Wallace, speaking with the conscience of a private citizen, repeated the same outline of his convictions: (1) that a US program of "unconditional loans to anti-Soviet governments" leads along the path of war; (2) that the UN "has not failed because it has not been tried"; (3) that "we shall save peace only by approaching world problems in the spirit of a world movement."

"A great national awakening has occurred in Asia and in other parts of the world which we used to think of only as colonies. This new nationalism will turn to communism and look to the Soviet Union as its ally if the United States declares that this is the century of power politics rather than the century of the common man. You will tell me that Soviet Russia is expansionist in the Pacific and elsewhere today. I do not deny it.

"But I say that it is the task of the countries which have the atom bomb and which have not, like Russia, been devastated by war and boycotted in peace to try a new type of power politics."

The warmth of British opinion toward these thoughts was verified in the dispatches of most American correspondents. Mallory Browne of the New York *Times* cabled that it "is true that a majority of British people —including 'progressive Conservatives' as well as Liberals and Laborites— have given a warm and enthusiastic welcome, not only to the former American Vice President as a man but also to his ideas." The *Times's* London bureau explained: "Mr. Wallace's visit to London is entirely unofficial. . . . It is no secret, however, that many cabinet members and leading Laborites are fearful lest Mr. Truman's blunt challenge to Soviet expansionism lead to war."

THE contrast of atmosphere in Washington, where Congress had not yet transformed the Truman proposals into law, was unmistakable. Senators of both parties characterized the Wallace tour as "unthinkable" and "out of step." Michigan's Arthur Vandenberg read a statement to reporters that "it is a shocking thing when an American citizen goes abroad to organize the world against his own government." Capital correspondents industriously looked up the Logan Act to quote its provisions against conspiring with the officers of foreign governments "to defeat the measures of the government of the United States."

The "conspirator," speaking to 3,000 college and high-school students in Liverpool, attributed the denunciations to "a hysterical state of mind, a feeling that the United States is now in all truth at war with Russia." Said Wallace:

"I did speak to Prime Minister Attlee, but I had no opportunity at any time to seduce him, because the American Ambassador [Lewis W. Douglas] was there, serving as a most efficient and proper chaperon. I had another conversation at the American Ambassador's apartment at which were present a member of the government, the Undersecretary of War, a member of the Labor Party and Lady Violet Bonham Carter [chairman of the Liberal Party]. . . . Lady Violet insisted that we discuss Russia and, as a man whose country is a member of the United Nations, I said exactly what I thought. . . . I trust that when my trial is held, Lewis Douglas will come to my rescue and take into consideration the very great provocation to which I was put by Lady Violet."

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No Break

Communications

UNION leaders hung up the receiver on the telephone company's "final offer" late last week to arbitrate the nationwide stalemate on a local basis. Union officials stood on their pledge to centralize bargaining, bringing wages in different areas into closer relationship. The company's offer, had it been accepted by midnight Friday, would have required 39 local arbitrations with 39 different awards.

By Monday, the number of strikers had risen to 335,000. Accessions came from 4,500 New Jersey plant workers and 6,000 Pennsylvania telephone workers—both unaffiliated groups went into "continuous meeting." An unestimated number of California's 10,000 telephone employees joined picket lines. In New Jersey, a hastily enacted state law aimed at the strikers, failed to break the walkout (see page 23).

As the strike went into its second week, AT&T managed to round up enough supervisors to handle more than just emergency long-distance calls. In most areas, except small towns where calls were handled by local switchboards, the public was being inconvenienced little by the strike. In Charleston, West Virginia, the Red Cross furnished 150 cots for non-strikers handling calls. The NFTW protested; the union reminded Red Cross headquarters of a check it had sent two weeks ago and said it could be returned if that was the relief agency's attitude.

The deadlock brought renewed rumblings of government seizure under the provisions of the Federal Communications Act. But Administration leaders were cool to such action as long as there was chance of settlement. Union officials threatened to take their "complete story" to President Truman in the event AT&T turned down the request for a face-to-face, top-level conference.

Digging In

Coal

JOHN L. LEWIS and his United Mine Workers (AFL) were carefully preparing for June 30, when, unless government emergency powers are extended, the mines will be returned to the operators and new contracts must be made.

The week opened with the mines running at about quarter-capacity. The six-day memorial layoff for the 111 who died at Centralia was over, but Lewis had asked the government to close all but two of the 2,531 mines (87 percent of US bituminous capacity) it operates until federal inspectors certified them as safe. Interior Secretary Krug refused—certification would take the Bureau of Mines' 171 inspectors several months.

Lewis had not directly ordered his miners to stay out of the pits. Many of them, hopeful of getting some cash in the bank before June 30, accepted operator-union safety certification and went

Moscow Conference Report

MOSCOW.—Henry Luce's encyclopedic Commission on Freedom of the Press should have waited for the Foreign Ministers' meeting before publishing its report—if it really wanted to nail down its conclusions. In these six weeks the US press, in action on a major story, proved itself with the usual few exceptions to be a somewhat irresponsible and chauvinistic creature. It wallowed in ultimatums, categorical rejections, unbreakable deadlocks and head-on collisions. Indeed, it was a wonder that the conference could keep on going after its daily liquidation in the news columns.

The atmosphere of imminent doom that has filled Room 430 in the Moskva Hotel—American press headquarters—was mainly due no doubt to the advance billing of the Moscow Conference as the long awaited "showdown." That was the idea conveyed in the careful briefing the correspondents got before leaving home, and President Truman's speech at the start of the meeting breathed confirmation. Thereafter every time Marshall spoke, which was often, he was automatically "getting tough" and Foreign Minister Molotov was duly recorded—by men who were two miles away the whole time—as blanching, shrinking and trembling.

To some extent the journalistic mood also derived from natural heliotropism toward the thin American source of light and information. But what was really disturbing was the feeling that the correspondents were taking part in a staged performance without knowing the lines or who had written the script. Several men in Moscow received cables from their papers ordering them to "play up" the American viewpoint. Others were bluntly informed that their interpretation of what was happening was wrong. One great medium of news dissemination sent a wire to a State Department representative asking him to "straighten out" its correspondent on the proper line to take.

In addition to the stage-managing being done in Washington and New York, there was some done here. The complete inaccessibility of the Secretary of State and his staff to the American press made it difficult to get explanations or interpretations of the golden tablets handed down from Mount Spasso. Up to this writing Marshall has seen the press just twice, once for five minutes when he arrived and again at a social evening at Spasso House where he talked about his garden and everybody saw a movie. By contrast, the British newsmen saw Foreign Secretary Bevin frequently and also received thorough guidance on British policy. But despite lack of contact, American correspondents insisted on making Marshall the "dominant figure" of the conference.

Then there was the US delegation's security complex. The table conversation at Spasso seemed to be chiefly about concealed microphones. Getting into the place at all was harder than getting into the Chief of Staff's code room during the war. That made it easy to reveal that the Secretary of State slept with a loaded pistol at his side.

To judge by some of the stories that were written on Moscow and the Soviet Union during the conference, a frightening spate of articles, series and books will emanate from the new batch of experts when they get home. The censorship system must be blamed for putting a premium on such "tell all" material. It is possible that one of the speediest results of the Moscow Conference, and of what the American press has done and will do with it, may be even greater restrictions imposed by the Russians on the men who work here.

ALEXANDER KENDRICK

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back to work. Production climbed to 40 percent and then to 50 percent of normal. Lewis said in a telegram to UMW district presidents that he was gratified by the substantial production in reexamined and recertified mines, and reaffirmed his dictum that operations should resume as soon as federal inspectors could approve mines.

This seemingly contradictory message served two ends: it solved the union conscience of those who had gone back to work and it put Lewis on record as not ordering a stoppage. This latter point was important for his appearance in court last week to seek return of the $2.8 million which the Supreme Court had said he could have back if there was no strike while the government ran the mines. But Federal Judge T. Alan Goldsborough, who imposed the original $3.5 million fine for contempt last fall, still didn't trust Lewis. He said he had read in the papers that Lewis had referred to his decision as a "yellow-dog injunction," and observed that this indicated "an utterly contemptuous attitude toward the courts." He wanted to hold on to the UMW's money as a kind of bail until June 30. But Assistant Attorney General John F. Sonnett asked for an extension only to April 24, and Goldsborough let him have his way.

Meanwhile Secretary Krug, in testimony before a Senate Public Lands subcommittee investigating the Centralia disaster, hit back at Lewis with the charge that the UMW had "an almost unbroken record of neglect" in promoting mine safety. Krug proposed a five-point program calling for 1,500 federal mine inspectors (cost: $19 million), power for the Bureau of Mines to enforce corrections, and a campaign by the UMW to sell safety to miners.

UMW strategists might look with favor on stoppages which deplete coal reserves and would make a possible strike more quickly felt in July. But the miners themselves, many of them not yet caught up after the 59-day strike last year, wanted to put away some cash for the troubles they see ahead. That the ingredients of trouble would be present on June 30 was becoming increasingly clear. The miners' welfare fund was one of the main causes of the deadlock which led to the government seizure last May. The fund was written into the Krug-Lewis agreement and five cents per ton had been levied since to pay for it. Krug recommended to the Senate subcommittee that it be continued in contracts with the operators. Lewis, in New York, asked for 10 cents a ton, and added: "Just to put your minds at rest, the UMW have no intention of signing any contracts that do not continue a welfare fund."

99th Day

Congress

ON THE 99th day after President Truman appointed David E. Lilienthal as chairman of the US Atomic Energy Commission, the Senate finally confirmed him, his four fellow members and the commission's general manager in their jobs. The final vote, 50 to 31, was an anti-climax; the opposition was really licked when Senator Arthur H. Vandenberg's (R, Mich.) dramatic appeal had forestalled a move to send the nominations back to committee a week earlier.

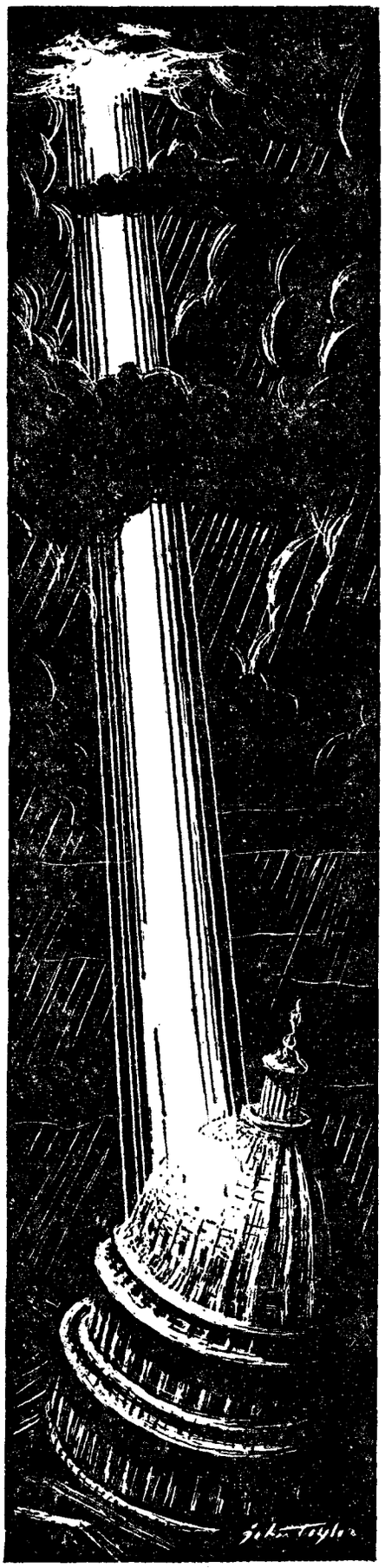
When the tally came, the galleries were crowded with sight-seers who ignored Senate rules not to show their feelings. When Senator Kenneth McKellar (D, Tenn.), who had plugged away at the Communist issue in committee hearings since January 27, voiced his grumpy negative, the spectators chuckled. When Senator Vandenberg announced the final vote, applause broke out from the whole gallery. The result cut away at party labels and broke through the storm clouds of intolerance and venality which had gathered during the Lilienthal fight.

The commission, which had kept quiet during the tedious debate, issued a one-paragraph statement after the confirmation. Its first sentence: "The important thing now is to get on with this job."

Symbol

Michigan

HENRY FORD was born in the year of the Battle of Gettysburg. He lived out the Big Boom, the Big Bust, two world wars and an industrial epic. He outlived his own revolution and its



THE LILIENTHAL CONFIRMATION

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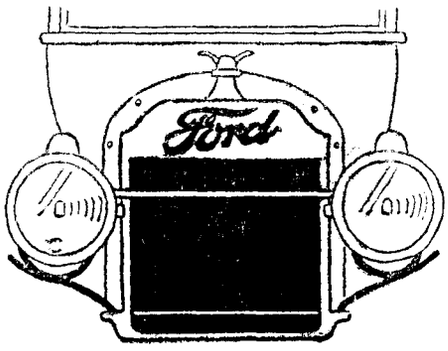
monument—the Model T. When Henry Ford died last week, the church bells tolled in the automobile capital of the world, the buses halted in silent respect and the globe's great newspapers paid their tributes to the man described by the London *Times* as "the greatest symbol of the age of growing American industry."

John Dos Passos, in *The Big Money*, had put it another way:

The American Plan; automotive prosperity seeping down from above; it turned out there were strings to it./But the five dollars a day/paid to good, clean American workmen/who didn't drink or smoke cigarettes or read or think,/and who didn't commit adultery/and whose wives didn't take in boarders,/made America once more the Yukon of the sweated workers of the world;/made all the tin lizzies and the automotive age, and incidentally,/made Henry Ford the automobileer, the admirer of Edison, the bird-lover,/the great American of his time.

A lot depended on the time. When Ford began paying $5 a day, the prevailing rate was only $2.40. But by the time union organizers began distributing leaflets at the company gates something had happened to the Ford idea that "real prosperity is that in which all participate." Ford company "servicemen" beat the ears off the organizers. The inspiration somehow petered out—



just as the mechanical genius which could conceive the Ford assembly line could never quite figure out that a man's dignity is not measured with calipers.

At Ford's production was improving all the time; less waste, more spotters, strawbosses, stoolpigeons (fifteen minutes for lunch, three minutes to go to the toilet, the Taylorized speedup everywhere, reachunder, adjustwasher, screwdown bolt, shove in cotterpin, reachunder, adjustwasher, screwdown bolt, reachunderscrewdownreachunderadjust, until every ounce of life was sucked off into production and at night the workmen went home gray shaking husks).

In its time the Model T was the greatest idea of all. ("I will build a motor car for the great multitude. . . . It will be so low in price that no man making a good salary will be unable to own one and enjoy with his family the blessing of hours of pleasure in God's grand open spaces.") By 1926 a black Model T could be bought for $310 and 15 million of them had rolled off the lines. The idea—before he abandoned it—made Ford the world's first billionaire.

New Era prosperity and the American Plan/(there were strings to it, always there were strings to it)/had killed Tin Lizzie./Ford's was just one of many automobile plants./When the stockmarket bubble burst,/Mr. Ford the crackerbarrel philosopher said jubilantly,/"I told you so./Serves you right for gambling and getting in debt./The country is sound."/But when the country on cracked shoes, in frayed trousers, belts tightened over hollow bellies,/idle hands cracked and chapped with the cold of that coldest March day of 1932,/started marching from Detroit to Dearborn, asking for work and the American Plan, all they could think of at Ford's was machineguns./The country was sound, but they mowed the marchers down.

In time Henry Ford handed on to his descendants the material inheritance of his ideas—the mines, the great ore fleets, the blast furnaces, the colossal mechanism at River Rouge. Himself he surrounded with the remnants of the age he had helped to bury.

He rebuilt his father's farmhouse and put it back exactly in the state he remembered it in as a boy. He built a village of museums for buggies, sleighs, coaches, old plows, waterwheels, obsolete models of motorcars. He scoured the country for fiddlers to play oldfashioned square dances./Even old taverns he bought and put back into their original shape, as well as Thomas Edison's early laboratories./When he bought the Wayside Inn near Sudbury, Massachusetts, he had the new highway where the newmodel cars roared and slithered and hissed oilily past (*the new noise of the automobile*)/moved away from the door,/put back the old bad road,/so that everything might be/the way it used to be,/in the days of horses and buggies.

At the end last week, on the land of his father's old farm, the spring floods were raging angrily over the Dearborn estate. The conveniences of modern living had been cut off by the swirling waters. There was no telephone service to summon help for the old man. An oil lamp burned over Henry Ford's deathbed, the way it used to be, in the days of horses and buggies.

Pourboire

How well do Americans tip? The Gallup poll found that most oppose the custom, although two out of three leave something behind. In San Francisco, six waiters from Solari's fashionable restaurant put the US customer in a measly light: "The average tip is five percent. People do not tip on liquor. Many people, in payment for the dollar lunch, plus three cents' sales tax, leave or pay $1.10, the seven cents being the tip. For a $2 or $2.50 dinner, patrons may leave a 15-cent tip. The larger the check, the smaller percentage of the tip."

For the four war-lush years of 1940-44, the income-tax collector had estimated their tips at $27,000; the waiters at $500. "We reject as unworthy of belief the testimony [of the waiters] . . . " the US Tax Court ruled last week, and figured their take to be at least 10 percent.

No Interest

DON JUAN, the Bourbon pretender to the Spanish throne, had twice offered his services to Franco during the civil war (and been flatly turned down). Last week he let Franco know he had no interest in getting the dictator out of a tight corner now. To Franco's open bid for a deal with the monarchists (a law that would set up a Spanish kingdom under the Generalissimo as chief of state), Juan responded with self-righteousness: "An attempt now is being made to turn without further ado the dictatorship of the individual into the latter's rule for life . . . wrapping in the glorious mantle of monarchy a regime based on an arbitrary government." The British Foreign Office, long maneuvering quietly to put Juan on the throne without Franco, applauded: "Don Juan has taken the line we hoped he would take."

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Washington Wire

Fat, Numb and Gloomy

EVERYBODY has a job today in America and the country is the richest on earth—and there is a feeling of gloomy insecurity almost unparalleled.

In world relationships the United States is an island of fantastic wealth in a sea of misery. Americans ask themselves what they have done to enjoy this unique blessing. At heart Americans are a moral people. Some Pharisees feel it is all quite justified. But earnest, sincere people who search their hearts prayerfully (and most of us, we think, are like that) can't feel we've done anything to deserve it. Perhaps that merely adds to our bewilderment and uncertainty.

A nation, in some ways, is very much like a man, and in this case it is a rich man living in a big house surrounded by vast slums, hugging his precious possessions to his breast. Dangers seem to lurk everywhere. The world should understand today that the occupational hazard of being very rich (whether for man or nation) is an insecurity psychosis.

At home there's trouble, too. Other nations die for lack of goods. America faces a catastrophe from too many goods; that is, too many at present prices. Expanding output has finally caught up with inflationary prices and now one or the other must give way. The longer this adjustment waits the harder will be the inevitable bump.

THAT, in essence, is what the economists told Truman. That is why Truman—heaven knows, a mild and long-suffering man—suddenly told his press conference last week the offensive truth: unless prices come down labor is justified in asking higher wages. What a squawk that caused: labor has been the red herring all this time. Two congressional committees have been devising anti-strike legislation since the session started, yet until Taft summoned his Joint Congressional Economic Committee this week, no committee at all has bothered to investigate the real cause of strikes—skyrocketing prices.

We are sorry to report that the three-man Economic Council told Truman facts that were a good deal more serious than have yet been published. They told him that the trends which they called dangerous last January have grown worse, not better. The public just doesn't have the money to buy the present output of goods at current prices. This is shown in various indexes: national savings are decreasing; borrowing and instalment buying are rapidly increasing; prices continue to rise; income from wages and salaries remains far behind. Besides that, spring sales show a lag and retailers are caught in a pincer squeeze.

But the really depressing thing is the way residential construction has fizzled. It was hoped this would be a balance wheel. But price controls are off. The government has junked veterans' housing. Prices are exorbitant. It was hoped that last year's figure of $2 billion worth of new construction would leap to $6 billion this year; the present rate, however, indicates that the total will be only $2 billion again for 1947.

As this column has frequently stressed, corporate profits are soaring. It is understood that these figures were given to Truman: the last quarter of 1946 showed a 30-percent increase in corporate profits over the year as a whole; and the first quarter of 1947 will show a 30-percent increase over the last quarter of 1946!

WELL, how do the NAM, and the Chamber of Commerce, and all their newspaper followers, react? American capitalism might be a fine thing—if the capitalists would let it work. As Truman pinned full responsibility for the situation on business the other day, he couldn't restrain a certain sour satisfaction. Truman spoke with reluctance and hesitancy at his press conference. He was led on as more and more questions poured in. Truman is restrained by two things. He wants to produce a psychology of caution, not panic. And, second, since he is a politician, too, he doesn't want to do anything that can put the blame for forthcoming events on himself when the responsibility seems nicely saddled on his opponents at present. Truman didn't fight very hard, but at least he did warn what would happen.

As for Big Business, it suddenly began blaming farmers as well as labor for it all. We don't think this will do it much good. It is true that agricultural price rises led all others after the OPA ended; but didn't Big Business kill the OPA and start this process? It is also true the government stands ready to support farm parity with subsidies—but only if farm prices go low enough; not at the present levels.

NOTES.—Will there be a recession? Probably yes. But there's almost universal agreement among economists that it won't be of depression proportions; that it will be followed by a period of protracted prosperity. . . . T.R.B.'s political forecast in the January 6 issue of the *New Republic*: "There'll be homespun, plain-folksiness in the next two years—'Keep human with Truman' "; Gael Sullivan, executive director, Democratic National Committee, offering new party slogan at Jefferson Day dinner: "The Truman Way Is the Human Way." Thanks, Gael. . . . The gap between national purchasing power and national product at current prices was estimated last January at between $7 and $8 billion on an annual basis; today presidential economists place it higher, at from $10 to $12 billion. . . . There are signs of GOP demoralization in its big "economy" drive. . . . Recommendations for large dollar advances to Korea are in the works in the State Department.

Washington T. R. B.

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Henry Wallace

The Problem of Palestine

NO SOLUTION of the Palestine problem is now possible which will be fully satisfactory to everyone. Over the years, so many special difficulties have been accumulated, so many varying passions have been deeply aroused, so many irrevocable positions have been taken, that all we can now look for is the least unsatisfactory compromise, the one which comes nearest to the fundamental principles of justice, the one with the best hope of being permanent. Even to assess the merit of the claims of the Jewish and Arab peoples, based as they are on historical, social, economic and political factors, is almost impossible.

While it is clear that no decision can give full satisfaction to either side, it is also clear that no decision would do substantial justice which looked only to the past, which sought guidance exclusively from history, whether recent or remote. The issue over Palestine is not one over a mining stake where all rights lie with the first to record his claim. The present and future of millions of human beings is in question and demands a hearing in a world court of equity rather than in a world court of law.

In his new book, *Palestine Mission*, Richard Crossman summarizes his proposed solution about as follows:

1. Admit 100,000 Jews to Palestine at once.
2. Partition Palestine into two states.
3. Let the United States and Great Britain give economic assistance to both states and guarantee their integrity.
4. Establish a Jordan Valley Authority modeled on our own TVA.
5. Develop an irrigation system drawing on the Euphrates.

I am not now in a position to evaluate these proposals. I hope to be able to do so and perhaps to add specific suggestions of my own when I have studied the problem further and discussed it with my friends among the progressives in Great Britain. Certainly, any new mandate over Palestine should be clearly under the authority of the United Nations. At this point, I am impressed with the breadth and obvious sincerity of Crossman's views. It may well be that in his method of approach lies the only hope of breaking an impasse tragically menacing to world peace.

As long as the problem of Palestine and the Jews of Eastern Europe remains unsolved, Britain, the US and to some extent the UN are in moral bankruptcy. Hitler slaughtered 85 percent of the Jews of East Central Europe—40 percent of the Jews of the world. These slaughtered people had no homeland of their own. Because the Jews had no nation, they were not recognized when the UN was formed at San Francisco. The Arabs have four voices in the UN—Saudi Arabia, Iraq, Lebanon and Syria—and the Jews as a people have none.

I FEEL deeply that for a period of at least three years all American immigration restrictions should be removed with regard to those displaced persons in Europe who have suffered the fury of German armies. I recognize the political difficulties in the way of this action; if they are insurmountable, then at the very least we should liberalize the existing quotas. A particularly unfortunate aspect of present immigration practices, apart from the pitiful inadequacy of the quotas, is the persistent and peculiar difficulties which many people have in obtaining entry permits, even when the quotas of their countries have by no means been exhausted. I personally know of cases where individuals with all necessary qualifications for entering the United States have been unable to obtain permits.

I do not claim that greater immigration to America will solve either the Jewish or the Palestine problem. It might relieve some tensions in Palestine and elsewhere, but the core of the problem would remain. Palestine today is one great source of discord between the US and Britain. Many Americans feel sympathetic to the fight that the Jews are carrying on in Palestine. They feel that in some respects it is like the fight the American colonies carried on in 1776; that just as the British stirred up the Iroquois to fight the colonists, so today they are stirring up the Arabs.

My own interest in Zionism began when, as Secretary of Agriculture, I sent Walter Lowdermilk of the Soil Conservation Service abroad to study the soils of the Near East. His report on the great potentialities of Palestine was so interesting that I immediately took it to my good friend Mr. Justice Brandeis. Brandeis' supreme interest in life was to give an opportunity to every human being to earn his livelihood on a small farm or in a small

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business. His faith in Zionism was associated with his belief in the virtue of doing things with your own hands in a small way. But it was far more than that. Brandeis was a Moses looking toward the reëstablishment of the chosen people in the chosen land. I can still see the ascetic features of this modern prophet glowing with zeal for the future of his race.

I shall be in England when you read this, and one of my objectives while there will be to find out how Zionism fits into the British scheme of things.

To millions of Jews and non-Jews alike, the British White Paper of 1939, which severely curtailed Jewish immigration into Palestine, seemed a betrayal of the Balfour Declaration and of British obligations under the League mandate. Today, the sense of injustice is even greater in view of what the Palestine Jews did for the Allied cause during the Second World War.

Squads of Jews belonging to the Haganah were enlisted by the British to guard the Palestine section of the Iraq petroleum pipeline to Haifa against the hostile Arabs, who were either friendly to the Germans or ready to sell out to the highest bidder. Palestinian Jewish industry and soldiers helped to save Egypt and the Near East for Britain and the Allied cause. For this reason the Jews were all the more shocked when the British Labor Party, on taking power, suddenly abandoned its previous policy, and not only retained the Tory line but moved to set up Transjordan as an independent nation. Was it oil? Was it Russia? I hope to get some light on these matters while I am in Britain because I am convinced that there will never be peace in the world until justice is done to the Jew.

PALESTINE occupies a unique strategic position in the power struggle which is going on between the Anglo-Americans and Russians in the eastern Mediterranean. In connection with that struggle I hope while I am in London to find out why the British can no longer afford to keep 12,000 soldiers in Greece whereas they seem to be perfectly capable of maintaining 100,000 soldiers in Palestine. Is it all part of the Anglo-American drive again Russia?

To make confusion worse confounded, the Communists themselves are against Zionism on doctrinal grounds. Today the Russians are doing all they can to cultivate the poorer Arabs, using such phrases as "the Arab people in noble solidarity will not passively look on while the homes of their brothers are taken from them and apportioned to another people transported from alien lands."

To put the claim of the Jews in Palestine in proper perspective, it is worth noting that the entire area of that country is 10,000 square miles, roughly a fifth of the area of the state of Iowa. Of this land, only *six percent* is occupied and owned by Jews and *94 percent* remains in the hands of the Arabs. Moreover, a large part of the small corner of the area occupied by the Jews has been reclaimed from utter wasteland, by reason of Jewish irrigation projects and other improvements.

There were 500,000 Arabs, with an income per capita of less than $50 a year, when the Jews came into Palestine in large numbers 25 years ago. Today, Jewish initiative has given the Arabs jobs and improved their health. The population has grown, because of these better health standards as well as births and immigration, so that today there are more than 1.2 million Arabs in Palestine. The Arabs have a high nuisance value and they are determined to exploit it. Just as they were ready to sell out to the Germans in World Wars I and II, so are they now threatening to sell out to Russia.

Almost every Jew with whom I have talked deplores terrorism. At the same time, I find them nearly all strongly of the view that Palestine is the only place where Jews can go with safety. Therefore, they have come to regard physical resistance to the present policy as justified. Even those who most bitterly deplore the violence feel it would disappear if the British would let the refugees come in at the rate of 4,000 or 5,000 a month.

One of my good Catholic friends, who certainly cannot be suspected of a pro-Soviet bias, sizes up the situation as follows:

He feels that the British army should pull out at once. The Haganah, he argues, would have every reason to safeguard existing oil properties against Arab sabotage and would take Britain's side against the Russians just as it took Britain's side against the Germans. The Jews are capable and energetic, and have done a job in industrializing Palestine which few peoples could have equaled. If the object is to bring about a balance of power in the Near East between the Anglo-Americans and the Russians, it will be much safer to have the wholehearted cooperation of the Jew than of the Arab.

IT SEEMS to me that an essential element in an equitable solution for Jew and Arab alike is to develop a sound economic program for the whole Near East. Among other things, this would entail large-scale projects for reclamation, irrigation and industrialization. To such a program all nations concerned should give financial support, on grounds of pure self-interest if no other. The Arabs, the Jews, the British, the Americans, the Russians can all benefit if we go at it right.

Only on rare occasions does mankind succeed in solving a difficult problem in ways which offer both practical and moral values. We must reject the counsel of despair and move forward with the confident belief that such a solution is possible here. This we owe to both Jew and Arab.

H. W.

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Wave of the Past

by Saul K. Padover

In 1798, America's ruling Federalists set up a "reign of terror" against democrats and aliens, only to be repudiated

N. Y. Public Library

LAMPOON ON JEFFERSON, 1798

IN THE YEAR 1798, when John Adams was President, the young American Republic was shaken with war fever and swept by a wave of intolerance. Revolutionary France was then in global conflict with imperialist Britain, and their struggle had a tremendous impact upon the minds and hearts of the American people whose loyalties were sharply split. Of the two political parties, the Republicans (later Democrats) favored France as the champion of liberty, the Federalists looked upon Britain as the bulwark of conservatism. The Republicans were the common folk, the artisans and farmers and small people, and their leader was Thomas Jefferson. The Federalists represented the business and property interests, and they were in control of both houses of Congress and the presidency.

Neither aggressive France nor belligerent Britain had much regard for the American backwoods democracy and both were merciless in their depredations on United States shipping; but the conservative federal government in Philadelphia saw evil only in revolutionary Paris and not in reactionary London. Amid growing hysteria, whipped up by a furiously partisan press, the Adams Administration prepared for war with France, authorized an army of 30,000 men, began building a navy and levied a direct tax on houses, land and slaves. The tax in particular infuriated the people.

To stifle criticism, which was unrestrained, and to choke the opposition, which was vigorous, the Federalists decided upon the fatal step of repression. This repressive legislation, beloved of the small-souled and mean-minded throughout history, was to be their undoing.

The Administration loaded two cannon, one aimed at alien and the other at native opponents of its policies.

There were in those days about 25,000 aliens in the United States—chiefly French, Irish and British. A great many of them were what we could call progressives today, and some, particularly the Irish, were democratic revolutionists who hated the British and championed the French. Among the foreigners were such distinguished men as Dr. Joseph Priestley, the English Unitarian who discovered oxygen and seven other gases; the French du Ponts; and the Swiss Albert Gallatin, who headed the Jeffersonian Republican Party in the House of Representatives. Upon men like these a stream of Federalist calumny and hate descended.

In June and July, 1798, the Federalist "war gentlemen," as Jefferson called them, struck at their opponents. With bare majorities they rammed through a number of bills which shocked a large part of the country. One Act cut down potential Republican voters by extending the period of naturalization from five to 14 years. Another authorized the President to take any action, including deportation, against "all such aliens as he shall judge dangerous to the peace and safety of the United States." But the most alarming of all was the Sedition Act, which was aimed at native American critics of the Administration and friends of France. It provided that anyone who wrote, printed, published, or uttered, or caused to write, print, publish or utter, anything "false, scandalous, and malicious . . . against the government of the United States, or either house of the Congress . . . or the President of the United States" should be punished and imprisoned. The penalty was to be a maximum fine of $5,000 and imprisonment up to five years. It is no exaggeration to say that if the American people had not risen in revolt against these acts the United States would have become an oligarchic dictatorship.

"Hot-headed proceedings"

SO sweeping was this legislation that even some conservatives were disturbed. Alexander Hamilton told a Federalist colleague, "Let us not establish a tyranny." The ailing and elderly George Washington, in retirement on his Virginia estate, likewise disapproved. "The hot-headed proceedings of Mr. Adams," a contemporary Virginian reported, "are not well relished

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Saul K. Padover, biographer of Jefferson and editor of his writings, is now an editorial writer on PM. *His most recent books are* Experiment in Germany, *based on his work as a wartime OSS intelligence officer, and* Thomas Jefferson and the National Capital.

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in the cool climate of Mount Vernon." And even President Adams, who did not always have control over his own party, was uneasy over the Alien and Sedition Acts which he had signed. Years later he admitted: "I was apprehensive that a hurricane of clamor would be raised against them, as in truth there was, even more fierce and violent than I had anticipated."

Americans took liberty seriously in those days and the country girded for a fight to the finish. On the one hand, the Federalists mobilized their wealth, their press, their clergy, the powers of the federal government and, above all, the judiciary, with its judges, marshals and jailers. On the other hand, the Republicans, conscious of a potential mass following among the voters, organized a counter-campaign on constitutional and democratic-political grounds. Their strategy, brilliantly devised by Jefferson and executed by such men as Madison, was to lead to a veritable political revolution.

An experiment on the people

THEY were quiet men, these two Virginians, polite, cultivated, soft-spoken, and strong in their democratic faith. But now they were angry men. "A monster that must forever disgrace its parents," said James Madison of the Alien Act. He spoke with authority, because he was one of the chief architects of the Constitution. "An enormity," said Jefferson of the Alien and Sedition Acts. He was then Vice President and presided over the United States Senate with a philosophic serenity and scrupulous calm that concealed his deep aversion for the Federalist xenophobes and witch-hunters. The Acts, he said, were an experiment on the American people to see how far they would tolerate the violation of the Constitution. If the people took this lying down, then Jefferson was convinced that the Federalists were ready for their next step, a permanent dictatorship with a lifelong President and Senate. Believers in democracy and liberty must sound the tocsin.

That autumn a number of Republican gentlemen, among them George and Wilson Nicholas and James Madison, met at Monticello to discuss with Jefferson their course of action. George Nicholas was a member of Congress from Kentucky and Madison represented Virginia. All agreed that they could do very little in Congress because they were "brow-beaten . . . by a bold and overwhelming majority." For the time being, they felt, their best plan was to "take a stand in the state legislatures" and from the bastion of the individual states launch an attack on federal tyranny. Madison himself had hoped to retire from politics and devote himself to farming, but this crisis drew him back to public life. They decided to start off the blast against the Alien and Sedition Acts with two resounding state resolutions. Madison undertook to write the one for Virginia. Would Jefferson do the same for Kentucky? He would, he said, on condition that his authorship be kept secret. The Nicholas brothers promised, and the secret was kept for 23 years until Jefferson himself revealed it.

The fight begins

THE Kentucky and Virginia Resolutions are important state documents. Going beyond the immediate

MAD TOM in A RAGE

The Bettmann Archive

AN 1801 CARTOON SHOWS THE DEVIL ON JEFFERSON'S SIDE

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issue, they posed the whole problem of the nature of the federal union and, for the first time, formulated the idea of state sovereignty. They affirmed that the federal government was created by the states, that its delegated powers were limited, and that whenever it oversteps its prescribed functions, its acts were to be considered "unauthoritative, void, and of no force." In short, Jefferson and Madison proclaimed the theoretical principle that the Alien and Sedition Acts were unconstitutional.

For the moment that was as far as they were to go. Jefferson quietly warned his lieutenants that they should confine themselves merely to declaring the Acts unconstitutional and void, but not "to push matters to extremities." He wanted these protests to sink in first and then to see how the country would react. Afterwards, he said, his party would be "free to push as far as events will render prudent."

Reign of terror

THE legislatures of Kentucky and Virginia passed the Resolutions. In Virginia the great speech on the Sedition bill was delivered by James Madison, who said, ". . . By subjecting the truth of opinion to the regulation, fine, and imprisonment to be inflicted by those who are of a different opinion, the free range of the human mind is injuriously restrained. . . . This doctrine . . . opens at once the hideous volumes of penal law, and turns loose upon us the utmost invention of insatiable malice and ambition, which, in all ages, have debauched morals, depressed liberty, shackled religion, supported despotism, and deluged the scaffold with blood."

The documents were then sent to the legislatures of the other states, where they stirred up a storm of excitement. Even though the Northern states angrily rejected the Resolutions, the bomb had been thrown right into their midst, and Vice President Jefferson sat back coolly to watch the Federalists and to see how the people would react. "It is on the progress of public opinion we are to depend," he counseled his followers.

In the meantime the Adams Administration did precisely what Jefferson thought it might be foolhardy enough to do. It undertook to enforce the Sedition Act. A "Federalist reign of terror" was set in motion against radicals and those who dared criticize the government. Two shiploads of aliens fled the country and others, like Irish-born Editor John D. Burk of the New York semi-weekly *Time Piece,* went into hiding.

The Federalist axe fell most heavily on the Jeffersonian-Republican newspaper editors, and its most ruthless wielder was Timothy Pickering, Adams' Secretary of State. Pickering was so obsessed with hatred of Jacobins and *democrats* (one of the worst epithets he could think of) that he spent his time scanning the news-sheets for the slightest sign of opposition, which he would immediately denounce to the federal marshals and district attorneys, and even to the harassed President himself.

The press in those days was lively and intensely personal. Newspapers were small in size and limited in circulation—the total number of copies printed annually was probably under 5,000,000 but their influence reached far. It required no great capital to start a newspaper, with the result that much of the press was close to the common people and represented their ideas and aspirations. The Jeffersonians and radicals had a number of staunch newspapers on their side, the biggest among them being Philadelphia's *Aurora,* Richmond's *Examiner,* Boston's *Independent Chronicle* and New York's *Argus.* All of these, together with a number of lesser Republican papers, now began to feel the Federalist whip.

The first victim

THE first man indicted and punished under the Sedition Act was not an editor but a congressman who wrote a letter to the editor. Irish-born Matthew Lyon, who represented Vermont in Congress and who had served with distinction in Washington's army during the Revolution, wrote to a Vermont newspaper criticizing President Adams for his "ridiculous pomp, foolish adulation and selfish avarice." For this he was indicted and, in October, 1798, Justice Robert Patterson of the US Supreme Court sentenced him to four months in jail and a fine of $1,000.

Thousands of people signed a petition to President Adams to release Lyon from the filthy cell where he was being brutally treated. The petition was refused. An advertisement was printed in the *Vermont Gazette* announcing a lottery to pay Lyon's fine. For this offense Editor Anthony Haswell was indicted by the same judge and jury that convicted Lyon. Haswell, father of 17 children, was sentenced to two months in jail and a fine of $200.

Vermont's reply was to reëlect Lyon to Congress by an overwhelming majority.

Jail and Fines

A THIRD victim was Thomas Cooper, a scientist and educator who edited a newspaper in Pennsylvania. Dr. Cooper had the temerity to write that John Adams was "hardly in the infancy of political mistake." The court, presided over by the fanatically anti-Republican Justice Samuel Chase of the Supreme Court, found Cooper guilty—$400 fine and six months in prison.

Still another victim was James Thomson Callender of the Richmond paper. Indicted for the crime of criticizing the President, Callender was defended by some of the foremost lawyers of Virginia—men like William Wirt and George Hay, who were rudely treated by Justice Chase. When Wirt started to say that the Sedition Act was unconstitutional, Chase snapped: "Take your seat, sir." Lawyer Hay, furious at Chase's bullying, refused to go on with the case. Callender was convicted—$200 fine and nine months in prison. Virginia rocked with resentment.

There were other victims. For being critical of the army, Charles Holt of the New London, Connecticut, *Bee,* was sentenced to pay a $200 fine and to spend three months in jail. For reprinting an uncomplimentary article, William Durrell of the Mount Pleasant, New York, *Register,* received four months in prison and was fined $50. Thomas Adams of the Boston *Independent Chronicle* and Benjamin Bache of the Philadelphia *Aurora* died while cases were pending against them. People noticed with a shock that while the slightest criticism of President Adams was severely punished, the scurrilous attacks on Vice

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President Jefferson in the Federalist press were ignored by the government witch-hunters.

The small folk, too

THE Federalist persecution did not confine itself to prominent individuals; it also reached out and struck at lesser folk. Perhaps the most pathetic case was that of David Brown, a middle-aged New England worker who had fought in the Revolution. Brown and a man named Benjamin Fairbanks set up a liberty pole at Dedham on which they inscribed: "No Stamp Act, no Sedition, no Alien Bills, no Land Tax; downfall to the Tyrants of America, peace and retirement to the President, long live the Vice President and the Minority; may moral virtue be the basis of civil government." Indicted, Fairbanks, a middle-class and well-to-do man, pleaded guilty and begged the court's mercy on the ground that he did not realize the seriousness of the offense. Justice Chase let him off easy, with a $5 fine and six hours in jail. But there was no mercy for Brown.

They found in his pocket handbills which showed him to be a radical-minded worker with crudely expressed but strongly held ideas of social justice. He was vehement in opposition to land profiteering by the rich and the control of the government by the few. "The language of Government," Brown stated, "is reverence to the constitution, let the constitution be ever so corruptly administered, if it takes all their property with lives to support it, for the sake of one hundred out of the Union of five millions by teaching that a few men were cloth'd by God to govern in Church and State, and the rest were made for the express purpose to see how miserable he could make them both in things of time and futurity. . . . There [always] has been an actual struggle between the laboring part of the community and those lazy rascals that have invented every means that the devil has put into their hands to destroy the laboring part of the community."

Here was a real radical democrat, one of those Jeffersonian Jacobins who gave nightmares to the Federalists, and Justice Chase saw red. He imposed upon the penniless Brown a ruinous fine of $400 and sentenced him to 18 months' imprisonment. After 16 months in jail, Brown applied to President Adams for a pardon and was refused. When his term was up, at the end of the year 1800, he was not released because he was unable to pay the $400 and costs. His pitiful appeal to the President was

The Bettmann Archive

MATTHEW LYON, JAILED FOR SEDITION, CARRIES HIS FIGHT FOR FREEDOM INTO CONGRESS

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again unavailing. One of Jefferson's first acts after his inauguration, in March, 1801, was to grant Brown a full pardon.

It was under these conditions of political excitement, fear, indignation, judicial partisanship and class conflict that the Kentucky and Virginia Resolutions fell upon the country. They served as an arsenal of fact and protesting argument in every town and county from Vermont to Georgia. Scores of petitions were sent to the Congress, some of them bearing as many as 18,000 names. Feelings gave way to insult and insult to violence. Lotteries were organized for Sedition Act victims and Federalist wearers of black cockades were mocked and beaten. Liberty poles, nicknamed the wooden gods of sedition, were set up by Republicans and torn down by Federalists. At Newburgh a pole bore the inscription: "No British Alliance. No Sedition Bill." Federalists smashed it. There was mob action on both sides. When Matthew Lyon, recently out of jail, passed through Trenton a Federalist mob insulted him and followed him out of town with fiddlers playing "The Rogue's March." Albert Gallatin, while visiting Reading, had his effigy burned by a crowd that surrounded his tavern. And when John Adams passed through New York on his way to Braintree, his appearance caused a riot.

Intolerance is defeated

THE persecutions and resentment were crystallized in the presidential election of 1800, one of the most bitter in American history. When the final returns were in, Thomas Jefferson and Aaron Burr had soundly defeated John Adams and Charles C. Pinckney. The Federalist Party was crushed, never to recover. Jefferson and his two Republican (Democratic) disciples, Madison and Monroe, remained in power uninterruptedly for 24 years, swept in and maintained by the democratic forces which the Federalists had despised and had tried so desperately to chain. As for the Alien and Sedition Acts, the Jeffersonians either permitted them to lapse or repealed them.

Thus ended the first great experiment in intolerance and persecution for opinion in the United States.

Arsenal Of Monopoly

by Robert S. Allen

An official, unpublished report tells how our government war plants are going to large corporations while small businessmen are frozen out

LAST YEAR a Senate investigating committee made sensational news for weeks with disclosures of apparent graft in certain war contracts. In sum total, the alleged boodling was petty. At most, less than $100,000 was involved. But the country was shocked and outraged. Two Democratic Representatives were defeated as a direct result of the charges.

At the very time these scandals were upsetting the nation, two great federal agencies, in direct contravention of the spirit and letter of the law, were ladling out billions of war-created national resources to a few large corporations.

There has been no fulminating or inveighing by politicos, press and radio over this latter performance. No responsible official has been dismissed. In fact, the entire story is still unpublished. The devastating Senate report on it is still in galley-proof form, with its frayed loose pages passing from hand to hand.

The reason for this strange secrecy is a mystery. There is no question of the responsibility and reliability of the report. Its sponsor is Senator James E. Murray, liberal Montana Democrat who, as chairman of the Senate Small Business Committee, initiated the investigation that produced it. Dewey Anderson, John Schott, Joseph H. Reed and Inge Kaiser, principal investigators employed by Murray, are recognized as able and experienced analysts. Their findings are restrained and voluminously documented. They merely assembled the record and let it speak for itself.

Yet "Disposal of Government Industrial Plants, a Critical Study of War Assets Administration Operations Under Surplus Property Act of 1944" is a black-market document. The taxpayer, who paid for it and who has a vital interest in its disclosures, cannot get a copy.

A clue to the secrecy may be party expediency. There is no reference to President Truman or the Administration in the report. But Attorney General Tom C. Clark and Major General Robert M. Littlejohn, War Assets Administrator, are blisteringly condemned. Both men are presidential appointees. They are charged with "flagrant abandonment of their obligations under the Surplus Property Act and the War Mobilization and Reconversion Act" (p. 25) and with the squandering "of the most valued public industrial plant resources in the history of our government" (p. 16). These men were the successors to Attorney General Francis Biddle and Administrator W. Stuart Symington, who, the report makes clear, were establishing an entirely different kind of surplus-disposal record.

Robert S. Allen, co-author of the Washington Merry-Go-Round *books, returned to his occupation as a Washington correspondent last year after serving as a colonel on General Patton's staff. He is the editor of a survey of American municipalities,* Our Fair City, *published last month by Vanguard Press.*

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Four points stand out in the report:

¶ That under Biddle and Symington the anti-monopoly, small-business and veterans'-priority provisions of the law were being meticulously administered.

¶ That Clark and Littlejohn have "flagrantly" disregarded these explicit mandates and have disposed the choicest and most valuable government plants to anti-trust violators, giant corporations and monopolies.

¶ That this policy has tremendously intensified and strengthened the concentration of monopolistic industry in the country.

¶ That of the $26 billion in plants and equipment erected and purchased by the government during the war, $10 billion still awaits disposal, and that unless the Truman Administration changes its policies the bulk of this vast industrial empire will inevitably fall into the hands of big business.

Big concerns do well

AMONG the industrial giants listed by the report as having obtained vital industrial properties are the General Electric Company, defendant in an anti-trust suit filed in 1941 by the Justice Department; the Air Reduction Corporation, which, with its subsidiaries, sells more than 90 percent of the oxygen made in this country; the Allied Chemical and Dye Corporation, which had 51.3 percent of the synthetic-nitrogen capacity before the war; the Douglas Aircraft Company, largest airplane manufacturer in the US; the Owens-Illinois Company, one of two glass manufacturers which completely dominate their field; the United States Steel Corporation; the General Motors Corporation; the Union Carbide and Carbon Company; the Aluminum Corporation of America; and the Standard Oil Company.

The law is ignored

ACCORDING to the report, the disposals to these and many other giants were made primarily on the basis of high bids or because they are "leaders in their particular industries." This was in direct contravention of the express objectives of the Surplus Property Act, which, as cited on page 16 of the report, are as follows:

To give maximum aid in the reëstablishment of a peacetime economy of free, independent private enterprise, the development of the maximum of independent operators in trade, industry and agriculture, and to stimulate full employment;

To discourage monopolistic practices and to strengthen and preserve the competitive position of small business concerns in an economy of free enterprise;

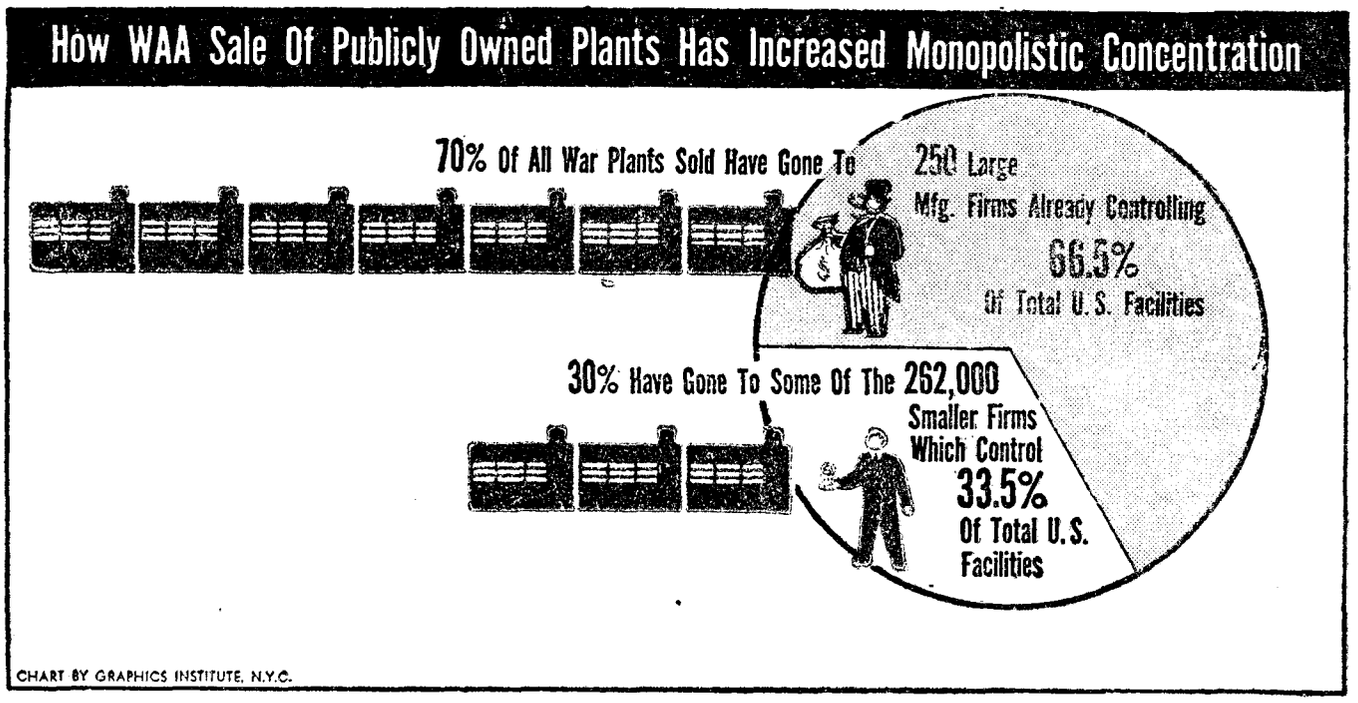
To afford returning veterans an opportunity to establish themselves as proprietors of agricultural, business and professional enterprises;

To foster the development of new independent enterprise;

To prevent insofar as possible unusual and excessive profits being made out of surplus property.

The disposals also were in direct disregard of Section 20 of the Act, whose purpose was to enable the Attorney General "to prevent the growth of industrial concentration" by blocking the WAA "from making any disposal of real property costing $1 million or more that would violate the anti-trust laws." Then there were Sections 6 and 18 (e) of the Manasco Act of May, 1946, which gives small business priority immediately after federal agencies and veterans in buying surplus property. Says the report: "These sections likewise were ignored."

The report charges further that in some instances where independents did secure plants, their success was due largely to accidental circumstances. "The history of the disposal of the Lake Charles, Louisiana, plant," it declares, "shows how accidental it was that independent small firms obtained leases. Three bids were submitted—du Pont, Hercules Powder and Mathieson Alkali—in decreasing order of size of bid. War Assets' staff prepared its memorandum to the disposal board with considerable information on the status of concentration in the industry, including,


How WAA Sale Of Publicly Owned Plants Has Increased Monopolistic Concentration
70% Of All War Plants Sold Have Gone To
250 Large Mfg. Firms Already Controlling 66.5% Of Total U. S. Facilities
30% Have Gone To Some Of The 262,000 Smaller Firms Which Control 33.5% Of Total U.S. Facilities
CHART BY GRAPHICS INSTITUTE, N.Y.C.

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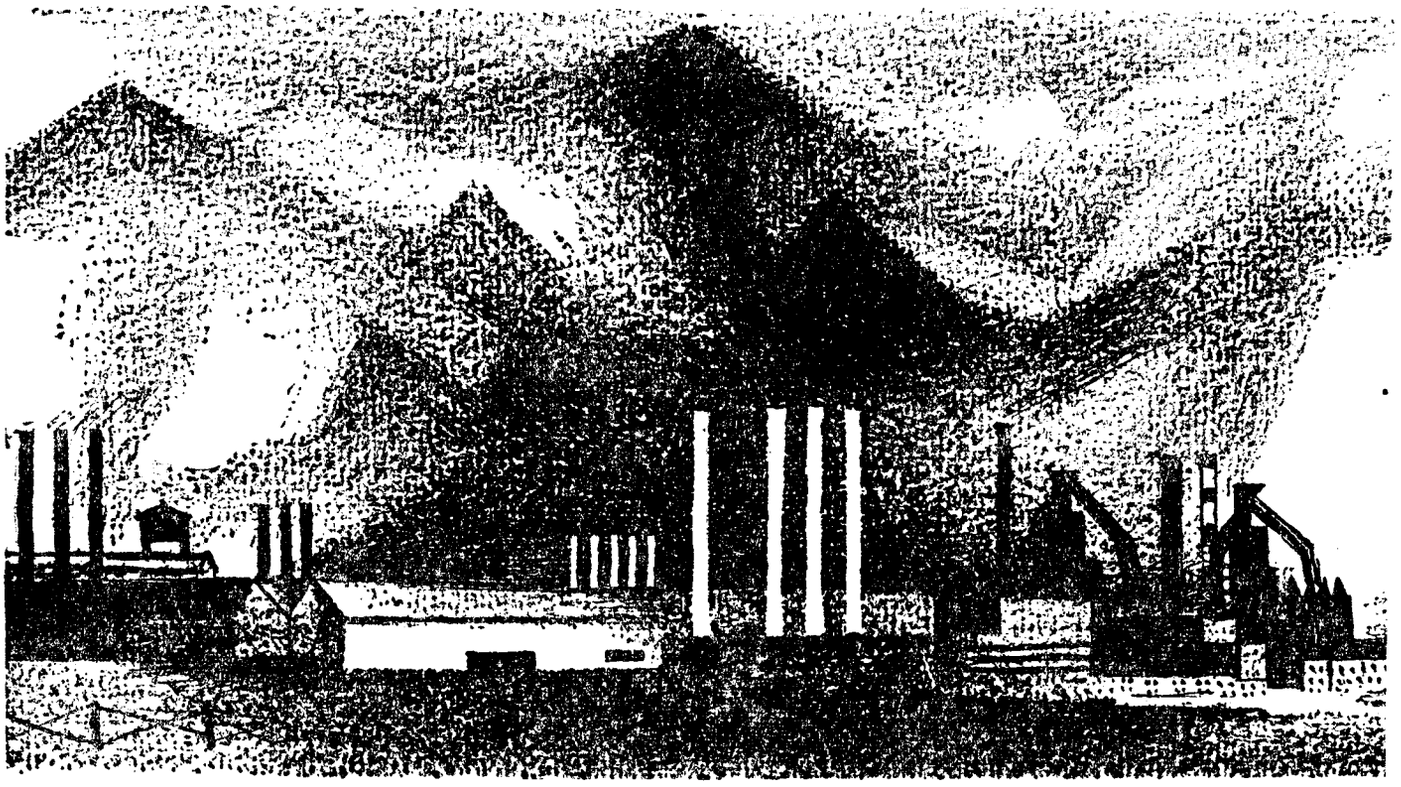

THE GENEVA, UTAH, STEEL PLANT, RECENTLY ACQUIRED BY US STEEL FROM THE WAA FOR $45.5 MILLION, CO

of course, the position of du Pont as the second-largest producer. It was not due to this fact, according to the memorandum, but to certain financial and operational considerations that the high bid of du Pont was not recommended for approval. The memorandum recommends sale to the Hercules Powder Company, which, although small in the nitrogen industry, is the twenty-first in size among the country's largest corporations. Only because some hesitancy on the part of this bidder developed —unexplained in the memorandum—is the plant finally leased to the wartime operator, Mathieson Alkali, which, though the smallest of the three, is still among the nation's 250 largest corporations."

The Geneva sell-out

But the sharpest commentary of all on surplus-property disposal under Clark and Littlejohn appears in the section of the report on the behind-the-scenes details of the sale of the giant Geneva, Utah, steel plant to the US Steel Corporation.

The report reveals that in acquiring this key property, US Steel skyrocketed its Far Western producing capacity from 17.3 to 52.7 percent. "At one stroke," says the report, "the dominant force in the steel industry of the United States not only eliminated the threat of possible competition from an independent Western producer, but as a part of the Morgan-First National financial group the corporation extended its control over the development of Western industry. It is preposterous for the War Assets Administration to claim that it made any pretense to observe the anti-monopoly provisions of the Act. Indeed, it would be hard to find instances where statutory requirements have been so completely disregarded as in the delivery of this plant into the control of a corporation whose name long has stood for the evils of monopoly."

The report further reveals that when Attorney General Clark approved this disposal, he had before him adverse reports made by his predecessor, Biddle, and the Justice Department's own Anti-Trust Division.

Biddle's report, made to Congress, had emphasized the necessity of keeping Geneva in independent hands. "It is of utmost importance," he declared, "that the Western steel industry be free from monopolistic control so that it can adopt pricing policies which will permit it to compete aggressively with the Eastern mills. Up to the present time, tin-plate has not been sold on a competitive basis in the West. A concentration of producers and of consumers has resulted in high and rigid prices. The future owners of the newly developed Western steel plants should have the opportunity to enter into this market on a competitive basis."

The Anti-Trust Division's adverse findings on the sale of the Geneva plant had never been revealed. Their existence was known. But the Attorney General prevented their publication. Murray's report, however, quotes the following few extracts: "The objectives of the Surplus Property Act require that the new Western steel plants be disposed of to independent enterprise in such a manner as to maximize competition in the West. . . . The attitude of the two major producers toward steel expansion in the Far West prior to the war indicates a lack of conformity with the objectives of Section 2 of the Act. If either of the two major Eastern producers are to obtain control of the Geneva steel plant, they would control

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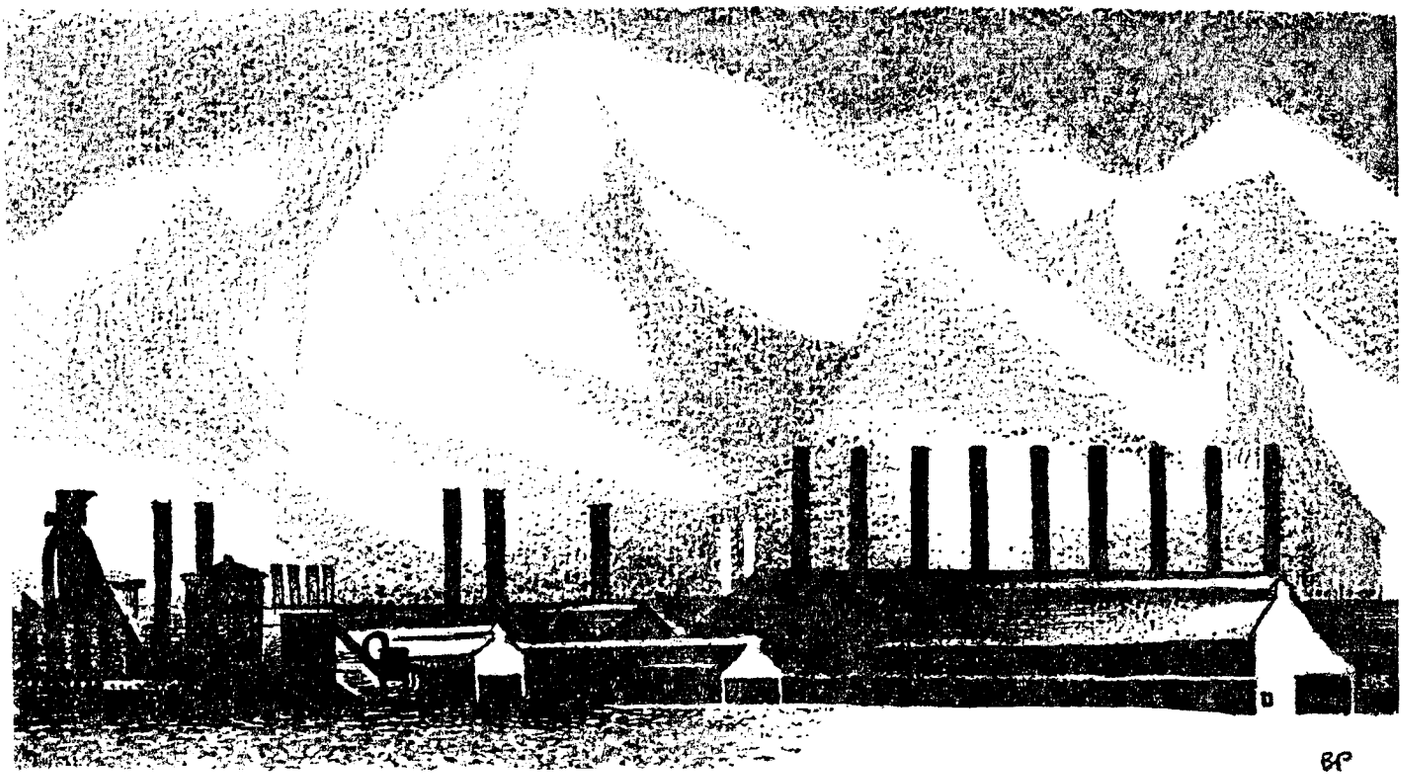

Drawing by Perlin

HE GOVERNMENT $200 MILLION. IT NOW ESTABLISHES US STEEL AS THE BIGGEST PRODUCER IN THE WEST

more than 50 percent of steel-production capacity west of the Rockies. In addition, their access to cheap water-borne carriers would give them virtual control of the Western market for the most profitable steel products such as tin-plate, sheets and pipe and tools, and a dominant position in other steel products."

No aid to small business

AMONG the general comments made in the Murray document, the following may be singled out:

"This report leads only to one conclusion: namely, that the present War Assets Administrator and his policy officers have failed to carry out the mandate of Congress. Contrary to the expressed provisions of the Surplus Property Act, and completely at variance with the official reports of the War Assets Administrator, the disposal of plants has not been well planned nor has it resulted in increasing the competitive position of small business in an economy of free enterprise.

"It is the considered judgment of those of us who have long surveyed the administration of surplus property that the priorities provisions for veterans and small business are entitled to sound administration, and that they offer no excuse for the weak administrative performance of the War Assets Administration. . . .

"Indicative of War Assets' lack of concern for small business is the absence of an adequate division in its organization set-up charged with the responsibility to further small-business interests. Testimony of a policy-making executive of WAA revealed that there were only three people . . . specifically assigned to the furtherance of small business. Any disposal made to small and independent business has been the result of fortuitous circumstance. On the basis of the analysis of individual cases it is clear that despite WAA's proud reports on the lessening of concentration they are largely empty phrases, which cannot disguise War Assets' essential failure "to give maximum aid in the re-establishment of a peacetime economy of free independent private enterprise.'

"The War Assets Administration is solely responsible for the RFC's weak showing in real-property disposal. The WAA has dealt with the RFC on an arm's-length basis, at no time willing to recognize that the RFC has a statutory power to vigorously proceed in behalf of small business.

"One of the features of surplus-property disposal which the committee was instrumental in having enacted into law, and which we had defended because of its importance to returning servicemen and to new and small businesses, has been the system of priorities which enabled them to obtain a fair share of surplus goods. Now, the committee is startled to learn that the War Assets Administrator, failing to administer the surplus-property-disposal program with efficiency and dispatch, seeks to hold these priorities responsible in major part for his administrative failures.

"The present Attorney General has not seen fit to complete the work begun under his predecessor. Under the interpretation of Section 20 by Attorney General Clark . . . real-property disposals have, in the large, assisted industrial concentration."

These are the considered findings of a group of investigators based on exhaustive study and documented evidence. In significance and consequence to the future welfare of the country, the disclosures constitute the greatest scandal arising out of the war.

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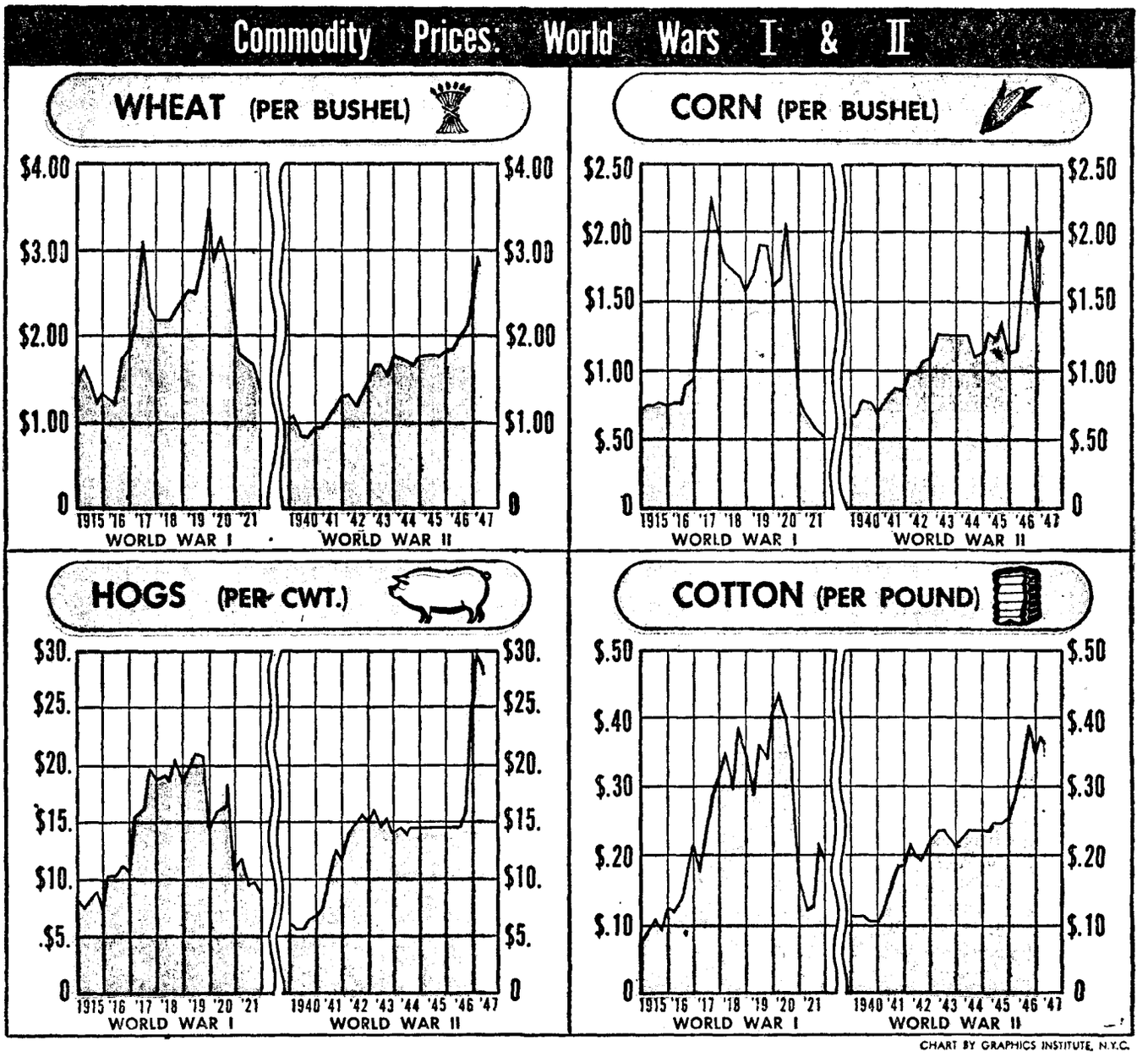

Valley of Deflation?

THE tune was familiar but the voices were new. The squawks of labor and consumers against high prices was joined by the president of Macy's, the largest store in the country ("business recession is probable"), by the chairman of the board of the National Retail Dry Goods Association ("public abstaining from purchase"), and by conservative columnist Mark Sullivan ("reduce prices for the country's economic health").

The apprehension was based on chartable evidence that history was in the process of repeating itself. Commodity prices, as shown above, suggested that the process was well under way. After World War I, commodity prices climbed to all-time highs in from 12 to 18 months and then slid off abruptly into a valley of deflation that carried the country's economy with them. After World War II, prices remained fairly level until the OPA was tossed overboard last June. Then the parallel climb in such bellwethers as wheat, corn, hogs and cotton began.

What would happen if the historic cycle were completed and prices and employment fell off steeply as they did after World War I? (The garment industry was already laying off men.) What would happen if prices continued to soar? Reflecting the increased costs of food and clothing resulting from the high commodity prices, the consumer's dollar was waging a losing fight. The *United States News* reported that factory workers' wages could buy perceptibly less now than last year. In 36 categories studied by *Business Week*, 30 showed a drop in real wages running as high as 19 percent.

Contributing to the spiral were higher profits piled on top of higher commodity prices. The firms that made goods from the overpriced cotton, according to the National City Bank's April financial letter, netted $102,896,000 after taxes in 1946, compared with $28,760,000 the previous year, a 257-percent increase.

"Trade and industry spokesmen," the New York *Times* had announced when the final decontrols were put into effect, "were happy over the removal of most government curbs . . . [and] said they felt responsible for preventing inflation." The National Livestock Producers' Association hailed last October's decontrolling of meat as "a consumer-producer victory over bureaucratic control." As of last week, the "victory" had raised hog prices a little less than 100 percent.

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Report from New Jersey

by Joseph P. Lyford

TRENTON. – New Jersey's new Republican Governor, Alfred E. Driscoll, would have been more at ease as a waffle. He was sitting on a red-hot griddle of his own making without the slightest idea of how to get off.

On Monday, April 7, more than 12,000 determined telephone operators shut their handbags with a decisive snap and walked out on AT&T's New Jersey Bell Telephone Company. Their demand for wage increases, better pensions, etc., had been met with stony silence. The Governor felt that decisive and fearless action was needed on behalf of the public. Within an hour after the strike he seized the Bell Telephone properties.

On Tuesday night he handed to the legislature an anti-strike bill inflicting $10,000 daily fines against the striking phone unions and $250 to $500 penalties against the individuals involved. The bill further provided that the dispute between Bell and the unions be submitted to compulsory arbitration. The bill was passed by both houses on a strict party vote in less than five hours. The Governor paused 24 hours, then signed it.

At this point, the debonair and usually affable Governor settled back and waited for the ladies to do the traditional thing—change their minds. Perversely the ladies answered that they intended to stay on strike. They took off their high heels and changed into sandals in preparation for a long siege on the picket line. The phone girls' defiance of the law put the Governor's office in an uproar. The Governor doughtily issued a statement that the operators were breaking the law by striking. With this the state of New Jersey swung into action.

Competent, heavy policemen bore down on the picketing females, who paled perceptibly at the thought of a brush with the law. When the smoke had cleared away, the state of New Jersey triumphantly emerged with three prisoners in its clutches. The arrested women were the top executives of the striking Traffic Telephone Workers' Federation of New Jersey: Mrs. Mary Hanscom, solid, dark and five feet, three; Mrs. Virginia Wigglesworth, a tall, ethereal blonde who might have played the title role in "Blithe Spirit"; and Miss Elizabeth Ryan, a nervous bride-to-be.

Despite the drastic handling of their union leaders, the "hello girls" refused to knuckle under to the anti-strike law, which they shrilly proclaimed was unconstitutional. The girls went even further. They dared "Pa" Driscoll and "Ma" Bell to throw them all in jail. Seconding the girls' cries were the booming voices of 20,000 striking male employees of AT&T's Western Electric plant in Kearney, New Jersey. In the background a million members of the state CIO and AFL threatened a one-day sympathy strike in opposition to the Driscoll law.

No word was forthcoming from the Bell Company, which surrounded itself with silent public-relations men and inscrutable lawyers. The wind had shifted and "Ma" Bell had tacked off into the distance. The company had lost all its professed warmth for the anti-strike law as soon as it discovered the girls were not going to be bluffed out of the strike. For the Driscoll law provided for compulsory arbitration, a clause as offensive to the company as it was acceptable to the unions. In fact, Bell's refusal to arbitrate all issues under dispute had originally led to the breakdown of pre-strike negotiations and the company's fishy-eyed aloofness irritated the Governor as much as the outspoken defiance of the unions.

BY THIS time, all the hearty congratulators who had surrounded the Governor when the law was being passed had completely vanished. Not a sound of comfort was to be heard, and the Governor stood alone to face his accusers like the one boy who remains rooted at the scene of a broken window.

The harassed Governor, casting about for support in his hour of need, was even losing the confidence of some of his advisers. An informed source asserted that State Attorney General Van Riper had little to say in defense of the legislation. Another adviser was quoted as having said privately that that law was "the most vicious piece of anti-labor legislation you have ever seen."

George Brunner, mayor of Camden, told Driscoll bluntly that if he wanted the mass arrests of pickets which was called for by the law, the Governor would have to supply his own enforcement authorities. Faced with the horrible prospect of filling the jails with 12,000 "bobby-soxers," as he termed them in a moment of rare excitement, the Governor took no further steps to enforce a law he himself had sponsored and signed.

The public was puzzled.

The Governor's rapidly vanishing peace of mind was hastened on its way by disquieting rumors that not only were the unions planning to test the constitutionality of his law, but that the Bell Company was prepared to attack it if the strikers should obey it. Bell's official silence on the act did not prevent observers from reading the handwriting on the wall—that the company would never submit to compulsory arbitration without a court struggle.

THE union case against the law to be aired in the forthcoming trials of Hanscom, Wigglesworth and Ryan, was based on the grounds that, by forbidding the right of public-utility workers to strike, the bill reduced them to "involuntary servitude" in contravention of the Thirteenth Amendment. The unions, which charge monthly dues of 60 cents, said they could not afford a single day's fine, while AT&T (1946 net income: $192 million) could easily absorb similar penalties for refusing to abide by the law's arbitration clause pending a court test.

The bite of the anti-strike law is understandable in view of the fact that one of its designers was Russell E. Watson, who at the time of enactment was a director of the New Jersey Bell Telephone Company. Watson served as Governor Driscoll's personal counsel in framing the bill. Only after the law was passed did Watson resign his Bell post, a move dictated by shocked public opinion.

For Washington congressmen and Governors of other states considering similar anti-strike legislation the plight of New Jersey's Governor Driscoll is there for all to see.

Joseph P. Lyford, formerly with the Boston Post *and International News Service, is a contributor to the* China Weekly Review.

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First-Prize-Winning Story in New Republic Contest for Veterans

Living Amoeba

by Ashur Baizer

JEFF was bored and restless, and as he flipped the pages of a two-month-old copy of *Life* he kept an eye on Franklin, watching for an opening. He saw Franklin stretch all the way forward in his cot to make sure that the captain had left the ward before he picked up the chart, eased himself cautiously back against the pillow and looked down at the right-hand corner. When he saw Franklin concentrating on one spot, shaking his head slowly, he knew that he wouldn't have long to wait. He began reading as Franklin got off his cot, shuffled barefoot past Gordon and Ferguson, and came around to Jeff's side. Jeff let him stand there holding the chart in both hands.

"Hey," Franklin mumbled finally. "Whut this mean?"

Jeff continued reading with complete absorption.

"Hey," Franklin nudged him. "Whut this mean?"

Jeff looked up suddenly, scowling fiercely. "What does what mean, boy? Can't you see I'm busy reading my book?"

Franklin held the chart out. "Heah," he poked a long, bony finger at the corner. "Wheah it say Blood. Whut that next to it?"

Jeff snatched the chart out of his hands, snarling a curse, propped himself on his elbow and studied the notation. "'Blood: living amoba'," he read hesitantly. He paused, then looked up at Franklin and said, with greater assurance, "Living amoba. That's what it says. Good God, boy, don't you crackers know nuthin'?"

"But whut do that mean, that livin' amoba?" Franklin asked, trying to smile.

"Don't you know?" Jeff opened his eyes wide in horror. "Say, Tex," he called out to Ferguson, ignoring Franklin's little gestures of dissuasion, "what do you think of this? This boy got living amoba in his blood and don't even know what it means."

"Yeah?" said Ferguson, reading.

"Listen here, boy," Jeff turned back to Franklin. "When you got living amoba in your blood you got something bad." His face assumed a stern expression and he asked, in a deep voice, "Who you been messin' around with, son?"

Franklin smiled uneasily.

"Messin' around? Man, you know I ain't been messin' around none. Whut do that mean, that livin' amoba?"

"Son, I told you. That living amoba is serious. I heard of *dead* amoba, but—say," he asked suddenly, "you got GI insurance?"

Franklin's lips began to curve upward in a smile, but only got halfway.

"Whut you givin' me, man?"

"I ain't giving you nuthin'. I merely asked you," Jeff said, offended. "Have you got insurance?"

"Shoo, I got insurance."

"How much?"

"Five thousan'. Say, whut you got to know for? I axed you, whut is livin' amoba?"

"Son, you better try and make it ten thousand—if it ain't too late," Jeff added, sighing.

Franklin tried again to smile, but his efforts resulted only in a series of nervous twitches. He looked quietly to right and left, then behind him, and turned back to Jeff.

"Man," he complained, "does you know whut is livin' amoba or is you givin' me some baloney?"

Jeff began to protest, with a wounded expression, but changed his mind and called out: "Hey, Gordon, this boy caught living amoba, and he thinks I'm crapping him about it's serious."

"Huh," Gordon snorted, shifting his weight to escape the rays of the afternoon Florida sun.

JEFF had lost his audience and he realized it. For three days he'd held them in the palm of his hand and the experience had given him a heady sense of power. He had been admitted to the ward Monday morning, and by the following noon had spotted Franklin, the only other Negro there, as a natural target. The discovery was accidental.

Jeff had got out of his cot Tuesday to go to the water cooler, and on his way back he had noticed a screen magazine lying on the chair next to Franklin's cot. Glancing at the cover, he remarked casually, "Clark Gable, eh? Nice fella, Clark."

He was unprepared for the effect, but not for long. Franklin looked up and asked shyly, "You know him?"

Ashur Baizer, winner of the $500 first prize in New Republic's *Short Story Contest for war veterans now attending college under the GI Bill of Rights, is studying English at Columbia University. He saw 52 months' service in the Army, including Signal Corps duties in England, France and Germany.*

For the names of the other contest winners, see the announcement on page 42.

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"Sure, boy," Jeff answered. "Me and Clark Gable used to be buddies." He was conscious of the others turning toward him. "Of course, since he's been in the Air Corps . . ."

"Aw," Franklin interrupted, "you don't know Clark Gable."

Jeff sensed the faintest note of doubt in Franklin's voice and pressed his advantage.

"Where you from, boy?" he asked.

"Georgia," Franklin muttered.

"That's what I thought. Now listen—" and Jeff went on to enrich Franklin's education with a few facts about Clark Gable's career that Franklin could have learned from the magazine at his side if he had been able to read. When Jeff added a few details on the star's private life, he knew that he had destroyed all but the slightest vestige of skepticism, and he felt confident that he could dissipate that, too.

Gordon and Ferguson, convalescing and grateful for any diversion, had winked conspiratorially at Jeff, suppressing their titters. Jeff continued serenely. He knew them all—Gable and Jimmy Stewart and Bill Bendix and Bogey; all were his close personal friends. Gradually convinced of Jeff's omniscience, Franklin would bring his questions to him, and Jeff would note with relish the appreciation of the others as he gave him wildly fantastic answers. When Franklin dared to utter a syllable of disbelief, Jeff would shrug, "Well, what do you crackers know? You never wore shoes till you got in the Army. Come up North some time, chump, and get hep." At this, Franklin would glance nervously at Ferguson and implore Jeff with his eyes to keep quiet.

Now that his triumph was clearly over, Jeff became irritable.

"If you don't believe what I told you about that living amoba, boy, it's just too bad."

He waved indifferently at a chair. Franklin drew it out timidly and sat down.

"Anyway," Jeff continued, "I'm tired of trying to teach you crackers anything."

Jeff rose slightly to see whether Ferguson was listening.

"I tell you, boy, I'm tired of this place. I want out of this hospital. I want out of my camp." Franklin gestured frantically with his hands, but Jeff went on, his voice rising, "I want out of Florida. I want out of the whole goddam South. And don't tell me to keep quiet, boy," he said angrily. "That's the trouble with you . . . you people down here. Afraid to say what you think. Well, I'm from New York, and I don't like it here."

Franklin's eyes widened with alarm as he saw Ferguson look up from his magazine and raise himself on his elbow. Gordon was listening, too.

"It ain't right for them to send me down here," Jeff said, almost plaintively. "I ain't used to this stuff. You know what I saw, boy? You know that white camp next to ours? You know that telephone out on the road between the camps? Well, there's a bulletin on that pole that says—I memorized it, boy—'All enlisted men assigned to organizations in this area are hereby forbidden to talk to or have any other contact with Negroes on the adjoining post. Violations will be punished by strict disciplinary action.' You know what that means, boy?"

"All right, fella." Ferguson's voice was quiet and menacing. "I reckon you said enough."

There were beads of sweat on Franklin's forehead, and his hands were trembling in his lap. Jeff turned to face Ferguson. "What's that?" he said.

"You heard me. I said that's enough."

"Just a minute," Gordon said, sitting up. "Jeff's right. I'm from up North, too, and I don't . . . "

"You keep out of this, Sol," Ferguson said in his quiet Texas drawl. "This doesn't concern you."

Others began to roll over in their cots to face the scene of a possible fight.

"This concerns me all right." Gordon swung his legs over the side of his cot.

"Get me?" Ferguson asked Jeff, ignoring Gordon. "Don't let's have any more of that kind of talk."

"I got a right—" Jeff began.

"That's enough," Ferguson's voice rose slightly. Then he said, solicitously, "You been a good—a good fella, and I wouldn't want to see anything happen to you."

"Up in New York—" Jeff began again.

"I don't care what they let you do up in New York," Ferguson said impatiently. "Just remember you're down here now, and if you want to stay out of trouble . . . " He left the sentence unfinished and turned back to his magazine. After a moment, Gordon got back under the covers.

Jeff looked around slowly at the blur of cold white faces and turned back to Franklin, who was sitting as if nailed to the chair, sweat running down his face, his eyes staring straight ahead, his mouth working soundlessly, his hands shaking.

Jeff started to say something to him, but patted him on the shoulder instead and got out of his cot. As he walked toward the water cooler, several of the men looked up at him briefly, and then turned back to their magazines. He took a drink, glanced back over his shoulder, and when he saw that Franklin was still staring ahead, unseeing, slipped into the office to ask the ward boy some questions.

When he returned, he placed his hand on Franklin's shoulder. "You ain't got anything serious, boy," he said in a kindly tone. "I was just riding you. And I don't know Clark Gable, either."

"Huh?" Franklin looked up in fright.

"That living amoeba," Jeff said gently. "A lot of people got it. It ain't serious, amoeba in your blood. What I got's a lot worse." He looked at Ferguson, who had gone to sleep. "I got water in mine."

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A Team of Tactful Men

by Robert E. Glass

The undertaking industry, rich in folklore and crowded with 26,000 members, is worried about customers, competition, quacks

AMERICANS spend almost $500 million a year on burying their dead, thereby supporting the one industry from which they wish to receive solace rather than simply their money's worth.

This industry is constantly growing, but the problem is that people on the average are not dying as soon as they used to. For instance, of the 75 million people in the United States in 1900, 1,410,000 died that year and were buried by a little more than 8,000 undertakers. But in 1946, out of a population that had almost doubled since 1900, only 1,330,000 died—and a total of 26,000 undertakers were on hand to compete for the work of carrying out the final personal service done to man. From the point of view of the profession, there may soon be too many funeral directors in business and not enough funerals to go around.

In 1947 the condition of the profession may be somewhat improved as the result of an act of Congress that provides for the optional reinterment on American soil of our 300,000 overseas soldier and sailor dead. But while this will furnish increased work for many a mortician, it will not solve the underlying problem of the industry as a whole, which is that of overexpansion in a tightening market.

After editing Army Air Forces newspapers for three war years, Robert E. Glass joined the Austin, Texas, Statesman *as a staff writer, subsequently moving on to the Houston* Post. *He is now free-lancing in New York City.*

The undertaking profession, reflecting the deep need of Americans for mortuary symbolism, has its standards, its code of ethics, its rules of admission, its folklore and even its distinctive dress. And because it operates in an area that is part hallowed, part mysterious and part macabre, it also has its substandard members, its frauds and its active underground.

At one end of the funeral scale is the director, who is, in a conscientious and dedicated sense, the stage manager of the closing act of the human drama. At the other is the ambulance chaser and the inside-track artist operating in cahoots with police-station desk sergeants and hospital attendants, to whom he pays bribes for an advance tip-off whenever a corpse is found or a hospital death occurs.

And the persistence of the latter type of operator is due to just that intensity of competition which worries the whole profession. The undertaker who manages to be Johnny-on-the-spot when death occurs can usually pull the business away from his rivals.

If he goes too far, though, there is danger that he may be discovered. In New York, for instance, a number of morticians recently grew suspicious of the inordinate volume of business done by one of their competitors at one of the big city hospitals. So they hired detectives, who discovered the existence of a large and efficient hospital underground through which the man was getting his hands on the body of practically every person who died there. He was expelled from the profession by the revocation of his license, and, although similar situations may still exist elsewhere in New York State, the Metropolitan Funeral Directors' Association declares that they have now been cleaned up.

In the South, however, where standards are not so rigid, it is known that undergrounds are functioning in many hospitals—and particularly in those of Atlanta, Georgia. In the larger cities of Texas, a cutthroat contest is constantly being waged among undertakers for accident and traffic cases. Until recently, in some cities undertakers had a specific first-come, first-served arrangement with the police. It worked because the only ambulances in and about these cities were owned and operated by the funeral homes.

Whenever an accident, killing or injury was reported to the police, all the funeral homes in town were notified simultaneously, and immediately rushed a man to the scene. The first company to throw a sheet over the body was entitled to claim it.

Unlicensed quacks

WHILE every state now requires the licensing of undertakers, the public is still being defrauded by unlicensed quacks. Unless some specific crime such as the desecration of the dead is proved, the legal penalty for these offenders is very slight. Their racket pays off primarily in a negative way. True, the quack circumvents a costly technical education, but his biggest profit lies in the fact that he charges what regular morticians charge for their funerals, but gives much less service. For example, many of these quacks skip the procedure of embalming completely, which saves them paying wages to highly skilled, professional help.

The chief victims of unlicensed undertakers are the foreign-born populations of the large Eastern seaboard cities and Chicago, and the most frequent stunt of the quacks is to hang out a shingle in which they present their whole story in one or the other foreign tongue, except for only one word "Unlicensed"—that is left in English. At this moment, an unorganized ring of such quacks is

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operating in various strategic places in New York City. The authorities, borrowing a technique from the FBI, have installed concealed motion-picture cameras in some of their premises and are gathering photograph evidence of their ghoulish activities.

The insurance racket

IN the past, the largest of all death rackets was the manipulation of insurance. Under one method—still prevalent today in the South—the undertaker himself wrote burial-insurance policies, collected premiums, and finally made a profit on the funeral itself. While he sold various types of funerals, the undertaker generally disregarded the face value of the policy he had sold once the customer was dead, and buried the victim as cheaply as possible.

In many cases among the more backward rural populations, and specifically among Southern Negroes, the technique went a step further. Individuals were encouraged to take out burial insurance at a very early age, and the total premiums they paid during their lifetime often amounted to several thousand dollars. But the funeral they got generally cost less than $100.

A second type of insurance racket was based on collusion between insurance agents and undertakers. The insurance thus sold was generally of the group type, distributed by fraternal orders, social organizations and the like to their members.

Usually an agreement had been reached in advance whereby all business from the policies was steered to a specific undertaker. The insurance agent who had arranged this received a kickback from the undertaker on the funeral, and the undertaker (who meanwhile gave a much cheaper funeral than the face value of the policy had called for) was sure of business and a neat profit for himself. Today the insurance laws of most states declare this to be illegal because it prevents free choice on the part of the family of the deceased. However, bona-fide lodges and clubs still stick to the practice. When applied directly to a specific funeral home, this system is called "prearrangement," and one outstanding funeral parlor in Los Angeles is known to have already collected more than a million dollars for "prearranged" funerals.

> If we should ever lose our symbolism and sentimentality in burying our dead, progress will cease, America's greatness will be gone, and the country will fail. Ancient Rome, Hitler's Germany and Communist Russia can be cited as examples. The first two were defeated because they disregarded the sentiment attendant to the burial of their dead, and unholy Russia is doomed for the same reason.
>
> We have to protect ourselves from communism. The best way we can do this is to steadfastly maintain our own traditions of burying the dead, and in point of fact, our most effective weapon against communism IS the sentiment of traditional burial rites.—*C. T. Perkinson, vice-president and general manager of the Mount Hope Cemetery in New York.*

Burial ethics

ALL SUCH rackets are, of course, condemned by the undertakers' trade associations, which are the prime source of ethics for the profession and in most instances the only authority able to enforce such ethics on their members. About 80 percent of all undertaking business is done by members of these groups, the biggest of which, the National Funeral Directors' Association, numbers almost 11,500 members. The NFDA is emphatic on the score of good business principles, and pledges to the public "vigilant support of public health laws; proper legal regulations for the members of our profession; devotion to high moral and service standards; conduct befitting good citizens; honesty in all offerings of service and merchandise and in all business transactions."

Behind the trade's code of ethics stands a body of state laws governing the admission of recruits to the practice of undertaking. Although specific clauses vary from state to state, generally a prospective undertaker must complete high school, attend an undertakers' college, serve apprenticeships of from one to three years, get a recommendation from two licensed morticians, and pass a state examination. There are 24 mortuary colleges in the United States, two of which are affiliated with major universities—Wayne University in Detroit, and the University of Minnesota, in Minneapolis. Today most students of mortuary science are veterans, and some estimates of veteran students in the schools run as high as 95 percent. The number of people preparing to enter the field is almost 4,000, and the already overpopulated funeral directors' associations would like to discourage them.

In addition to the technical side of their trade, the students at undertaking schools are taught the fine points of conducting funerals. They learn, for instance, that the trend in the undertaking world is away from its traditional air of solemnity and morbidity. Funeral directors and their assistants now generally dress in ordinary business suits rather than in the unctuous cutaways and black gloves of yesteryear. Gloomy undertaking parlors decorated only with a tired rubber plant have become transformed into funeral homes decked out with chintz. The Universal Funeral Chapel, for instance, one of the largest establishments of its kind in New York, glows with tasteful period furniture and bright lighting, and its reposing chambers look like well appointed living rooms.

The high cost of dying

BUT as undertakers have humanized their settings, they have also raised their prices. In spite of the fierce competition among them, it actually costs 25 percent more to be buried today than it did in 1940. Of all funerals purchased, the great majority fall into the $300-$399 category, with the $400-$499 bracket being the next most frequent. But since the price categories above this fail to sell even 10 percent of the total, undertakers take pains to deny what they call the legend of costly and extravagant funerals.

The largest single item in a lavish funeral is the casket. A check of the showrooms of the National Casket Company, top manufacturer in the United States, revealed that the most expensive casket made is a solid cast-bronze number at $15,000—formerly $13,000. Rumors and tall tales of the funerals of

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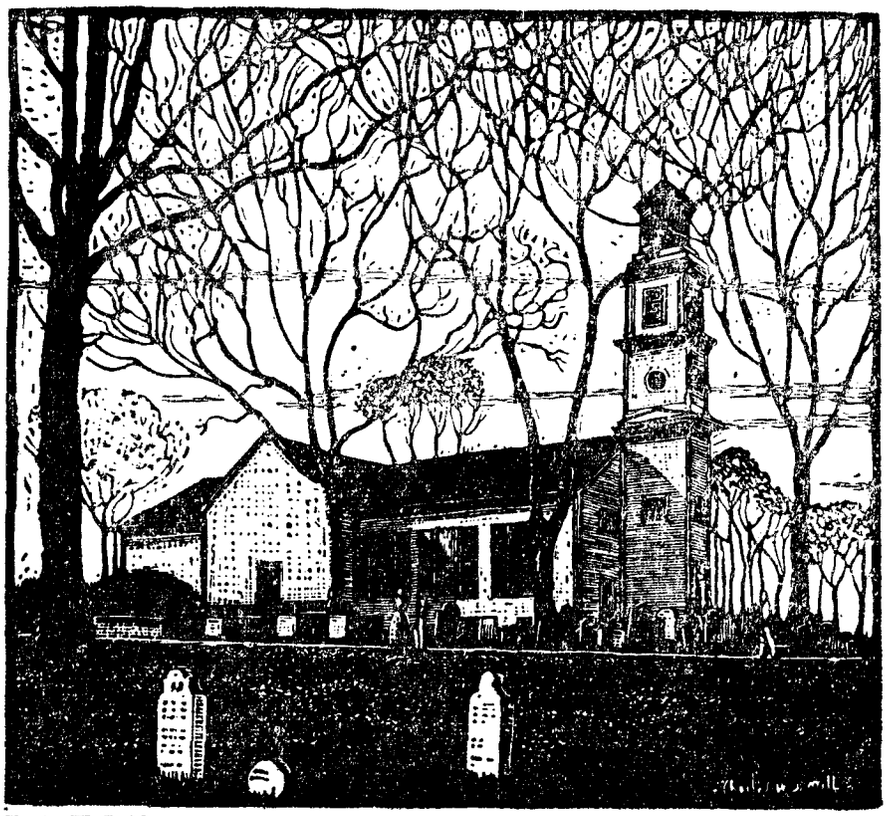

Charles W. Smith — *Courtesy of Dale Press*

big-shot gangsters to the contrary notwithstanding, solid-silver caskets are not being made and never have been made in the United States.

As for cast-bronze caskets, a National Casket executive reports that only four or five are sold each year in New York. He adds that mobsters never did buy the really extravagant funeral items with which they were popularly credited, and that the highest funeral bill he has ever heard of was one for $15,000.

Once the amount of money to be spent has been decided on, a team of tactful men handle the body through its several stages of preparation for removal to a final resting place. Meanwhile the selection of this site confronts the bereaved family with another series of choices.

"Ceremonial disposition"

THE total number of cemeteries in this country has been estimated at 40,000. In addition there are fewer than 100 mausoleums, which are used in part for the preservation of cremated remains. (In the East, three to four percent of the dead are cremated; in the West, five percent; in the South, practically none.)

Of America's mausoleums, one of the largest is Ferncliff, a 68-acre establishment north of New York City that contains the remains of 7,000 people and is, according to its own statement, a $5 million business. In the central building, set in landscaped surroundings, there are four marble-lined stories of tombs for bodies and crypts for urns. The cheapest niche one can buy at Ferncliff is an eight-inch-square cubicle in one of the corners in the bottom row of the top floor, at a cost of about $125.

As for cemeteries, they fall into four categories: private, religious, public and commercial. Private or family cemeteries abound chiefly in rural areas, where they are used as family burial grounds. They are usually limited in size by law, with the largest permissible area in New York being three acres, and they are prohibited within the city limits of most municipalities.

Cemeteries belonging to religious organizations are frequently part of church grounds, although there are denominational cemeteries which are supported by all the Catholic or Protestant or the Jewish churches in a given area. In addition to religious segregation, racial segregation is practised, and it is usually taboo to bury a Negro next to a white.

Non-sectarian public cemeteries are generally the best cared for and the most inexpensive. Supported either by municipalities or the nation, they are in a stronger financial position than those of other types and thus are better able to guarantee that perpetual care of graves and maintenance of the grounds which most people seek.

The commercial cemetery, usually a promotional or speculative venture conducted for the profit of its backers, is now illegal in most states. Notable exceptions are in the South and the state of Pennsylvania. The shortcoming of the commercial cemetery is its tendency to fall down very rapidly on its guarantee of perpetuity. In New Jersey, for instance, where the law against this kind of enterprise has only recently gone into effect, a large memorial park that started as a promotional scheme to sell lots failed before long, then went into the hands of another private group and failed again, and thereupon went into the hands of a third private group.

Perpetuity is usually provided for by setting aside a specific portion of the purchase price of a space or lot in a trust fund. The interest of this fund is used for the care of graves and grounds. When these funds are misused, mismanaged or lost, perpetual care and maintenance come to an end and the cemetery fails. In order to protect the inhabitants of graves, states have declared illegal the resale of privately purchased lots and the earning of direct profit by individuals in administrative positions of cemetery management. Even though a cemetery fails financially, however, every state has laws prohibiting the use of land dedicated as a cemetery for any other purpose, and penalties for desecration of graves are specific and severe.

The power of tradition

WHATEVER the personal qualities, difficulties and practices of funeral directors may be, and however individual preferences may differ as to tradition and ceremony in burial rites, New York State supreme court justice Aron Steuer summed up the entire subject in one sentence. In the *Law Journal* of February 13, 1947, he said: "No cultural activity, of which we have knowledge, antedates the ceremonial disposition of the dead—and there is no prospect of these practices being abandoned."

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Books in Review

Mind Over Mind

The Role of the German Intellectual in the Reëducation Program

LIKE MOST Americans in Berlin, I first encountered the German mind through a servant. In this case it was—as he liked to call himself—the "Feuerman," whose job it was to keep the coal fire going in the apartment which OMGUS (Office of Military Government, US) had assigned me. "I will come twice a day and make it as warm as you wish," he stated with a barely perceptible click of his heels. When he had been with me a few days, discharging his duties with meticulous care, he explained his attitude toward the German problem. "My job is to keep the fire going," he said. "If I do it well that is the answer to the German problem."

He shifted his pale blue eyes so that his stare seemed to rest on my shoulder. "The outside world hates us. But if I work hard, if I convince you that I am a good Feuerman, then maybe you will begin to change your mind. You will say: 'This Willy Schmidt was a German, but he was a good Feuerman.' If the street cleaner does his duty and the housemaid does her duty, maybe the outside world will begin to respect Germans once more. Maybe they will forgive us for what we did."

He spoke with a sad but firm conviction. I was impressed. If this was the point of view of the German man in the street, there was hope. Willy Schmidt received butter and sugar for his noble speech. Two days later he did not appear. Frau Kaiser, the maid, reported in low tones that he had been taken into custody by the MP's. He had falsified his *Fragebogen* (background interrogation sheet) in order to get a job with OMGUS; he had once been a vehement member of the Nazi Party and it was believed that he was still carrying on anti-American activities.

THUS within a week after my arrival in Germany, I had fallen into the confusion which traps most Americans there. Pity took turns with anger and distrust. The swift pity that flowed for a child whose eyes looked hungry struggled with disgust at the woman who told how she had "hated the Nazis" but a few moments later nonchalantly described the several joyous weeks she had spent at Marienbad in the Sudetenland in 1942—at the time when just about a hundred miles away the village of Lidice was being systematically destroyed. And all too often the sympathy aroused by a German when he began his conversation with the words, "We are learning from our mistakes the hard way," was converted to distrust when he wound up by saying, "The war might not have been lost but for stupid blunders."

This is the atmosphere in which the occupation of Germany must be carried out; and these are the paradoxes with which the American Information Control Officer—the man whose task it is to reëducate the Germans—must deal. No wonder that he has been overtaken in most cases by cynicism and seems to play the role of occupier with perverse, almost masochistic, unhappiness. He was not born to rule. Military occupation is an activity which does not become him. He has never before had the experience of working with a mind which can so blithely mold itself to his way of thinking one moment and evade him completely the next. He knows that he is in constant danger from it, for it is a highly sophisticated mind which will ensnare him if he doesn't control it first. Besides, it is difficult not to suffer, if you are human, from the corrosion of living in superior physical conditions while all around you the very people you aim to reshape founder in the lowest depths.

OVER-ALL policy for Germany requires that our occupation carry out its functions within the framework of two conditions: first, that it make use of German facilities and manpower as

M. v. Gosen

CONVERSATION PIECE

The illustrations for this article are taken from Der Simpl, *a satiric magazine which attempts to recapture the self-criticism of the famous pre-Nazi weekly,* Simplicissimus.

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much as possible to save the American taxpayer money and second, that it be as "democratic" as possible—on the theory that democracy cannot be imposed but must be acquired. Accordingly, German editors, writers and publishers have been put to work, have in actual fact been charged with carrying out the reëducation program. American officers attempt to guide them by giving them advice and hope to control them by scrutinizing their work when it is done. But in general the intellectual is a free agent and as such he has been able to work his will in Germany.

In that case, what about this intellectual? If he is the key to the reëducation program, how does he do his job, what point of view does he bring to it? Statistically, his output seems impressive. In the first year and a half of the occupation, licenses were issued to 265 book and magazine publishers, 44 newspapers and about 300 musical and theatrical producers. In addition, a zonal news service and six radio stations were set up. Yet it is hard to see how this informational bombardment has had any effect on the German at large. Like the Teuerman, he has learned the "line," but he has not been convinced that he must do more than pay lip-service. He has remained as recalcitrant as ever, bitter and immersed in self-pity as he was on the day of defeat. And the phrase that floats in the air over queues and in the subway is *"Damals war es doch besser"*—"In the old days it was better." In short, the German at large has yielded very little, if at all, to reëducation. The intellectual has failed. And one begins to wonder whether he actually intends to succeed. Is he not himself a victim of this popular state of mind—or its cause?

IN a recent survey of the American zone in Germany I was able to talk to a great many editors, publishers and writers who had been licensed by the Americans. Generally, it was possible to lump them into four groups: those who were conscientious about their responsibilities; those who were inclined to sit back and wait out the bad times; the opportunists; and the crusaders.

A typical German publisher was the one who received me courteously one freezing afternoon in his Berlin office.

M. v. Gosen

EVIL SPIRITS

All about the room were strewn plaster-of-Paris casts and huge gouache paintings to which, for a few preliminary moments, he directed my attention. "Art goes on," he remarked with a sad smile. These pieces were to be photographed for a forthcoming book of art. He spoke feelingly—and his wife, who was present, was even more emphatic—about the problem of reëducation. This, he held, was a responsibility which to a great extent lay in the hands of the German publisher. The desperate shortage of paper made it necessary for publishers to weigh the importance of each new book carefully against the need of the day. His forthcoming art book, he felt, would stand up well to such a criterion. "Germans are a cultured people, you know. They like to feel that art goes on." This was true enough, I replied, "so would most intelligent people." But hadn't this same artist's work been published in Germany in the days of Hitler, hadn't he always been available to the Germans? As a matter of fact, he admitted, that was so. What he was intending to do now was to bring out a revised edition of a book which he had himself published seven years ago. I thought that it might have been more appropriate to use the paper and effort to give the Germans a glimpse of art works denied them during the barren years.

The crowning incident of the interview came as we discussed a project which this publisher was soon to undertake together with three colleagues. As he mentioned the names of the others, I recognized one as a publisher who had recently been suspended for issuing a book by a pro-Nazi writer. When I mentioned the fact, the man smiled. "Yes, he was suspended. But he'll be back in business soon. How was he to know that the authorities would object? Was he to carry out a political investigation on his own?" But the writer was well known in literary circles as a Nazi, I argued, and, besides, the license clearly gave the publisher responsibility for his authors. He shrugged. "The authorities probably wouldn't have noticed it at all if not for someone's denunciation. That's what used to happen under Goebbels. It's not very democratic, is it?" There was no use trying to argue. This publisher was not a Nazi, but neither was he on our side.

A PHENOMENON quickly apparent to anyone visiting Germany today is the "flight into the past." Many writers and editors are simply biding their time until this phase of the occupation is over, or are escaping into the past as a convenient refuge. There is, for example, the "Goethe complex." In the past 18 months, dozens of editions of Goethe have been published in all zones. Hardly a periodical appears that does not carry an article about Goethe, or perhaps Schiller or some other German classic.

It is true that literary activity is so barren that publishers and editors are often forced to go to the classics for material. It is also true that Germans feel it necessary to have a volume of Goethe on the shelf as others do the Bible. But there are other reasons.

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Goethe is safe. Like the Bible, he can be quoted to suit any purpose—remember how widely quoted he was in the Third Reich. More subtly, Goethe is a symbol of the eternal German Kultur. He is the symbol of a national greatness which no military defeat of Germany can deny. "After all," declared the editor of a literary journal in Stuttgart, "you can take the German's house from him, you can take away his food and try to destroy his self-respect. But you can't take away Goethe. And who can say that Goethe isn't democratic?"

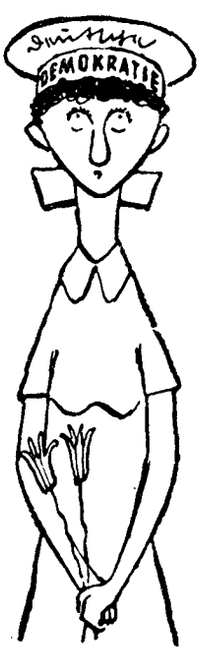
Occasionally this attitude revealed itself as little else than a smug resistance to the outlandish culture which the Americans were trying to introduce. In Wiesbaden, for example, there is a group of well known publishers who were spirited out of Leipzig together with a load of book plates and printing equipment before the Russians took over that city. I visited one such firm in their offices among the kitchens and bedrooms of a half-destroyed hotel in the center of Wiesbaden. I asked what they had published recently. The editor shook his head sadly. Nothing; it had been impossible; there had been no books. I suggested that perhaps one or two American books might have been translated. He smiled. "Yes. But you must remember that we are the Insel Verlag. We have a tradition to live up to. Can you offer us another Rilke?"

THE DRUM that gets the heaviest thumping by the crusading intellectual is "Western civilization." With a felicity that can only be the result of long training they have converted an old Goebbels theme to active modern use. "The fact of the matter is that we *are* the last bulwark," one zealous young writer argued. "Western culture will win or lose in Germany." "My theory," declared the editor of an economic weekly in Stuttgart, "is that we need a strong federation of Western nations to save what's left of our kind of civilization. That's what Churchill's after."

The eastern zone, of course, has its new crusaders, too. They simply thump the other side of the same Goebbels drum to the theme of "decadent capitalism" and "atomic diplomacy." In both cases, the German feels that he is on pretty firm ground. For he is supported by things he can see with his own eyes: the vicious fact of divided occupation, for example, and the liberal use which the exalted occupiers themselves make of the German press (especially the *Neue Zeitung* by the Americans and the *Tagliche Rundschau* by the Russians) to throw epithets at each other.

When at last one has elbowed his way through the Kultur nationalists and do-nothings, the opportunists and crusaders, it is possible to turn up a number of German intellectuals who appear to be honest in their desire to participate in the task of reëducating the people. But however sincere they may seem to be, there is often a serious flaw in their thinking. In Munich, the editor of *Der Simpl*—a weekly magazine which attempts to recapture the biting satirical flavor of the famous pre-Nazi *Simplicissimus*—remarked, "One can go on talking to the people forever. But they'll never learn. If the Americans withdraw, there's nothing but suicide for me." Obviously this intellectual defeatism must turn up again and again in his magazine, canceling whatever positive effects it might otherwise achieve.

On the other hand, take the case of *Der Ruf*, a weekly which had its beginning in a prisoner-of-war camp in Massachusetts. For a time, the young editors succeeded remarkably well in presenting political problems to young Germans in their own terms while fulfilling the requirements of OMGUS. Recently, however, it was possible to detect the rising note of an old theme which had been widely heard after the First World War—namely, that the soldier had been betrayed by the homefolk. The tendency reached its climax in a sudden burst of patriotism. In a blunt article, the paper warned Germans against committing themselves too far in coöperating with the Americans on the argument that Germans did not know what the future might bring and so must retain their independence. One of the editors supported this point of view with the words, "We speak to the young people and they will not listen unless we can demonstrate that we sympathize with what they think." After a moment he added, "If the Americans scrutinize our publications so carefully, how is this different from Goebbels' censorship?"



Beyer

WHERE there is no ideological flaw, inexperience or the sheer lack of basic physical materials may thwart the efforts of the sincere intellectual. Or the paradoxes of the postwar world may come to roost on his shoulder and prevent him from lifting a hand. Nowhere is this more sadly apparent than in the case of the returnee, the exiled anti-Nazi who left Germany when the fight against Hitler looked hopeless and who has now returned in the face of impossible living conditions with the hope of contributing something positive to the situation. More aware than most people of the problem's many facets, he runs the constant risk of being despised by other Germans as a collaborator who worked with the enemy during the war or, on the other hand, of being too enthusiastically anti-Nazi for our official tastes. He walks a continuous tightrope not only between the Germans and the Americans but between the Americans and the Russians as well. For if the Americans distrust him because he has been a "premature and excessive anti-fascist," the Russians ask him to join hands with men who, he knows, were enthusiastic supporters of Hitler. (Two of the best known of these, until they died recently, were Hans Fallada and Gerhardt Hauptmann; their deaths saved many a German anti-fascist from further embarrassment.) One recent returnee, who bears the scars of several concentration camps as well as of the war in Spain, described it: "I thought I was returning to Germany to help. But I have come to an enforced limbo. I have nowhere to turn. Once I could hold my head high because my idealism and intelligence were my greatest assets. That

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is not so today in Germany. I feel caught in a maze."

THESE, then, are the baffling conditions that confront the American Information Control Officer in Germany. Like the returnee, he feels caught in a maze. OMGUS policy and circumstances combine to force the German intellectual on him as his only available instrument to carry out the reëducation program. Yet the intellectual turns out to be almost useless, if not a danger. Policy and the nature of democracy require that he try to coax democratic thinking into growth rather than impose it. Yet how is democratic thinking to grow among such weeds? The dilemma, of course, is insoluble. Military victory is not in itself a democratic thing, nor is military occupation. Perhaps it would have been wiser to apply the reëducation program in that martial spirit. Perhaps, as some say, it would have been wiser to dispense with the help of the German intellectual altogether and impose a rigid educational discipline for the first few years, relaxing it gradually as the effects began to show. But how would the American taxpayer have liked that? Besides, what guarantee that the agile German mind would not have slipped out of control as easily as it does today? "At least this way," the policy-makers argue, "the German shows his hand."

SIDNEY SULKIN

Sidney Sulkin was North European director of the United States International Book Association and spent six weeks in Germany as adviser to the Publications Control Division of OMGUS.

Journey in Time

SOUTH of Naples "the road and the railway leave the coast of Salerno and turn into the desolate reaches of Lucania" at a town named Eboli. Beyond that town, according to the peasants of southern Italy, Christ never came. From this legend, Carlo Levi, one of Italy's greatest artists, whose work is for the first time appearing here, has drawn the title of *Christ Stopped at Eboli* (Farrar, Straus, $3).

He has given his book the subtitle, "The Story of a Year," the year being 1935, when at the time of the Ethiopian war Levi, an uncompromising anti-fascist, was confined to this region which lies above the instep of the boot of Italy. In addition to his being a painter and writer, Levi is a doctor and in the latter capacity he was able to enter the daily life of a people as remote to us (and to most Italians) as the natives of the Easter Islands or Nairobi.

"None of the pioneers of Western civilization brought here his sense of the passage of time, his deification of the State or that ceaseless activity which feeds upon itself." Poverty and its corollaries—ignorance, lethargic toil, superstition, disease, bestiality—dominate the life of this dry, bitter land. Something of a diary, a passage of autobiography, an immensely informed sociological essay, and above all a great record of personalities, *Christ Stopped at Eboli* is as difficult to classify as it is an experience to read.

The most interesting of the characters whom Levi encountered are Don Luigi, "the youngest and most Fascist mayor in the province"; Donna Caterina, the mayor's sister, who "in reality ran the village"; Guilia, Levi's housekeeper, "who had reigned over the priest's kitchen and his bed"; Gibilisco and Milillo, ignorant and jealous country doctors. But of more importance is the nameless mass of the peasants.

There will be inevitable comparisons between Levi and Silone, and already a number of Italian intellectuals hold Levi to be the superior writer. The comparison is unfair. Silone's work is symbolic fiction, which by its very nature narrows its scope while it defines it. Levi, as an autobiographical observer, is limited to direct observation, but he is free to comment without the intervention of the conventions of fiction.

As to style, obviously only one with a close knowledge of Italian could dare to speak, but the present translation by Frances Frenaye suggests that Levi is a great prose stylist, as well as a brilliant observer of human life and a wise and patient diagnostician of our condition. The close of the book is indicative of the qualities of his heart and mind and style. "I thought with affectionate sorrow of the motionless time and the dark civilization which I had left behind me.

"Already the train was carrying me far away, through the checkerboard fields of Romagna, towards the vineyards of Piedmont and the mysterious future of exile, of war and death, which I could then but barely perceive, like an uncertain cloud in the boundless sky."

GEORGE MAYBERRY

Sic Semper Fidelis

THE ISLAND WAR, by Major Frank O. Hough, USMCR (Lippincott, $5), is not only the first complete history of the Marine Corps ground forces in World War II but an excellent study of the strategy and technique of amphibious warfare. The author indirectly pleads the Navy's case in the "merger" controversy in recounting the Army's neglect of this type of combat during the 20 years that preceded Pearl Harbor —a period matched by the continuous study of amphibious techniques on the part of Marine units, culminating in the publication of a remarkable manual known as "FTP 167." These findings, the author points out, "became the fundamental operating procedure for the entire amphibious effort of all our services and most of our allies."

The special pleading in this book is incidental, however, to the 10 major Marine campaigns which Major Hough describes in detail. The Marine Corps has never been known for its reticence, and all of these battles were well advertised while they were in progress; indeed, the Corps owned more than its share of mimeograph machines and developed hypertrophy of the right arm cranking out dispatches about everyone from privates to generals, beginning with the landings on Guadalcanal and ending with the capture of Okinawa.

Major Hough has reduced this mass of self-congratulatory material to the more objective status of history, added information now available from official battle reports, and cast the whole within the larger frame of strategy which encompassed the war against Japan. The result is a compact and readable volume, a far cry from the generally uncritical accounts of these same campaigns which appeared during hostilities. He has also chosen to write outside the formidable earthworks of battle minutiae behind which many military scholars have served so bravely. A novel-

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ist by profession, Major Hough has focused each campaign through the broad military aspects that distinguish it tactically from other operations, thus avoiding needless repetition of minor detail and giving his book the quality of being thought out, rather than merely assembled. It is a tactician's history, with a deliberate lack of emphasis on individuals, and almost as good an analysis of Japanese, as of American, strategy. We get the uneasy feeling, for instance, that in many cases victory was largely the result of being outblundered.

The book is necessarily not a history of the Pacific War. The role of the Army and Navy is discussed only obliquely, where their activities were coordinated with Marine actions. Yet the "island war," in the literal sense, was primarily a Marine show. As Raiders, shock troops and winners of the beachhead, the Leathernecks perfected an amphibious technique that was new in the history of warfare. DAVID DEMPSEY

David Dempsey served as a Marine Corps combat correspondent and collaborated in writing Uncommon Valor—Marine Divisions in Action *and* The US Marines on Iwo Jima.

A Reader's List

Man Against Myth, by Barrows Dunham (Little, Brown, $2.50). Since 1943, Dunham, who teaches Philosophy at Temple University in Philadelphia, has been "compiling a list of the major social myths, retaining the language in which these are ordinarily stated. I found that every one involved an important philosophical problem and was therefore subject to that kind of analysis which is possible for philosophy alone." In *Man Against Myth,* Dunham has gone to work on such "social myths" as "You Can't Change Human Nature," "There Are Superior and Inferior Races," "Every Question Has Two Sides," "Words Will Never Hurt Me" and "You Cannot Be Free and Safe." He is witty and erudite in happy combination, but one suspects that some of the targets of his scorn could have an equal amount of fun examining his presuppositions.

Philosopher's Quest, by Irwin Edman (Viking, $3), asks, must a philosopher employ his most formidable professional vocabulary to state "the simplest truths, or even the simplest untruths"? His answer is no. In a series of disarming dialogues and parables, he looks into some of the central problems of modern philosophy; talks about them with Plato, Spinoza and other colleagues; tells what might happen if a constitutional amendment established federal prohibition of philosophy in America; and generally asks more questions than he answers, in the noblest tradition of his craft. A stimulating treat.

This is an illustration for one of the happier success stories of the publishing business, The Purple Testament, *edited by Don M. Wolfe. It was the result of a course in creative writing given by Dr. Wolfe to a group of disabled veterans and published at his own expense in a small private printing. The response was so favorable that Doubleday is releasing it in a trade edition. We can only repeat what Ralph G. Martin said in these pages on its first publication: "Should be read, broadcast, reprinted, digested. . . . When you finish reading this book, don't pass on your copy to a friend; make him buy it."* – THE EDITORS

Always Young and Fair, by Conrad Richter (Knopf, $2). Pine Mills, Pennsylvania, at the turn of the century, is a far cry from the pioneers of *The Trees* and *The Fields.* Even farther away in mood is the still-life Richter paints of Lucy Markle, who chose spinsterhood rather than tarnish her memory of the lover who died in the Spanish-American War. But at age fifty Lucy does an about-face—Richter owes Faulkner's "A Rose for Emily" a considerable debt here—which gives his hitherto quietly nostalgic story a macabre dénouement.

The Chequer Board (Morrow, $2.75). Nevil Shute, a writer of marked technical competence whose unusual and often haunting tales have borne the stamp of a vivid personality, has taken quite a different tack in his most recent novel. Jackie Turner, a lower-middle-class English veteran of World War II, finds he has only a few months to live and decides to look up the three men he had come to know well in a wartime hospital. One has married a Burmese girl and another is a Negro, so "racism" gets properly told off, but even so, Shute's little sermon on the brotherhood of man falls disappointingly flat.

There Was Once a Slave, by Shirley Graham (Messner, $3). This is another contribution to the growing body of writings based upon the life of the nineteenth-century abolitionist and statesman, Frederick Douglass. Using fictional devices, Miss Graham relates the story of the slave who escaped to become a leading abolitionist, an adviser and critic of President Lincoln, US Marshal for the District of Columbia and Minister to Haiti. She has written with such warmth and simplicity that Carl Van Doren, Lewis Gannett and Clifton Fadiman chose her manuscript for the Julian Messner prize as the best of 600 books combating intolerance in America in 1946.

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Labor

Unions and Rackets

A SUBCOMMITTEE of the House Committee on Executive Expenditures last week released a report imputing graft, extortion, assault and battery and sundry other offenses to leaders of Local 929 of the International Brotherhood of Teamsters (AFL) in Philadelphia. A study of the report, of the Representatives who made up the committee and of their recommendations reveals some of the problems Congress faces when trying to attack certain types of union activities under the "anti-racketeering" laws.

There is little doubt that some members of Local 929, as some teamsters' local members elsewhere, coerced farmers bringing their produce to market either to hire a union driver when entering Philadelphia or to pay a union driver's daily wage. This was precisely the type of activity against which the Hobbs amendment to the anti-racketeering law was adopted last year. The subcommittee report indicates that the law has failed in its purpose. Members of Local 929 no longer "obstruct" the movement of produce in interstate commerce. But if a non-union member deposits produce at Philadelphia's Dock Street market it is not a law violation for union members thereafter to refuse to move it elsewhere in the city, nor is it a law violation for Dock Street merchants and others to agree with the union to accept only union-hauled goods.

This fact is never explicitly stated in the subcommittee report, which was written by a special counsel, Hyman I. Fischbach. Neither is it explicitly stated that the International Brotherhood of Teamsters has never authorized or approved the beating up of farmers on the highway, the overturning of their trucks, or other acts of violence or sabotage; nor that any wholesale violence —or sporadic violence, for that matter— could and should be prosecuted under state and local laws.

The report, however, does say or imply a number of unpleasant things about Local 929's leaders—Abraham Goldberg, Harry (Turk) Daniels and others in what is termed the "dynasty." It charges directly that farmers, merchants and business firms are victimized by "exactions." It charges directly that dues-paying union members also are "mercilessly victimized" by arbitrary fines imposed without trial and by the "filching" of income from the local treasury.

The report also says, or implies, that union officers are provided automobiles and also paid cash for depreciation of these automobiles; that isolated hucksters are beaten up; that merchants are "tied up" (struck) for a variety of offenses; that Goldberg took a huge and unauthorized expense account for a long Florida sojourn, that the officers exercise absolute domination over the local; that some witnesses felt the need to testify before the committee in secret to "protect" themselves.

THE tone of the report is sardonic and blistering. It was signed by all five committee members: Clare Hoffman, chairman, of Michigan; two fellow Republicans, Melvin C. Snyder of West Virginia and Fred E. Busbey of Illinois; and two Democrats, W. J. Bryan Dorn of South Carolina and Porter Hardy Jr. of Virginia. Their unanimous recommendation is that the Hobbs anti-racketeering law should be strengthened. Hoffman, in a supplemental report, suggests that he doubts the earnestness of the Department of Justice in enforcing the existing law but proposes a stringent amendment on his own hook.

It should not be suggested that such a report has no merit whatsoever. There *are* some local unions dominated by heavy-handed officers, to the disadvantage of both employers and the union rank and file. There *are* some crooked union officials who "filch" money from the treasury. There *are* some union leaders who impose fines or worse punishment without the process of trial.

The plain fact, however, is that protection against such offenses is not lacking. A St. Louis local of motion-picture-machine operators years ago got equity relief from its crooked local and international officers. A Washington court recently enjoined an international union from "taking over" the affairs of a local and also took occasion to affirm that any international or local constitution which allowed officers to punish a rank-and-file member without due process, within the meaning of the American Constitution, was void.

If a union leader "filches" from the union treasury he can and should be prosecuted and sent to prison under state law as a common thief and embezzler. If a union leader enters into certain types of restrictive agreements with employers he can be forced to desist under the federal anti-trust laws or, on occasion, sent to prison under existing anti-racketeering laws.

THE report of the Hoffman subcommittee would be more persuasive if it analyzed the curious nature of a big city's commission business; the highly perishable nature of produce; the extreme competition among merchants and their frequent request to unions that, to guard against "chiselers," the unions help "police" the industry. The report would also be more convincing if it at least mentioned the familiar teamsters' union statement that some farmers who deliver produce to a city also try to pick up "return loads" at cut-rate prices and that unionized interstate trucking lines then complain to the union.

Whether the International Brotherhood of Teamsters should intervene to clean up a bad situation in Philadelphia is one question. But the persistent effort of anti-labor congressmen to expand the anti-racketeering laws, and to justify the expansion by listing a large variety of alleged offenses which are not "racketeering" in any strict sense of the word, is self-defeating.

The Hobbs amendment failed, as any realist knew last year it would fail. Any bill which would succeed in punishing union extortionists under federal law would have to be so broadly framed as to impose federal punishments for entirely legitimate and necessary union activities. The suspicion is justified that that's what Clare Hoffman wants.

WILLARD SHELTON

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Farm

Farmer-Preachers

IN OKLAHOMA in the early days long before there was a dust bowl and *The Grapes of Wrath,* a preacher named Mitchell went around from one community to another telling farmers that they must take care of their land or they would rue the day. Mitchell was worried about soil erosion and floods. Although Oklahoma had been intensively farmed for only a few years, floods were increasing and great gullies were appearing in the once fertile hillsides. Mitchell's panacea for soil washing was Bermuda grass. He wrote me a few years ago that in his 54 years in the ministry he never preached a sermon without telling the congregation to plant Bermuda grass. Mitchell harped on this for so many years that he was called "Bermuda Grass" Mitchell and always signed his name that way.

"Bermuda Grass" Mitchell, like many country preachers, depended on the land for part of his living. Country preachers generally have a professional interest in agriculture and they have contributed a great deal to its progress. Jared Eliot, minister and physician, wrote and published the first book exclusively devoted to American agriculture and was the first American to point out the dangers of soil washing and to carry on erosion experiments. Samuel Deane, another minister, whose book, *The New England Farmer,* published in 1790, became the standard textbook on American agriculture for a generation, knew more about the soil than any other man of his time.

Preachers in every generation not only have been interested in conserving the soil but in fostering the family-size farm, establishing a healthy community and bringing about economic reforms. The farmer-preacher, because he lives close to the people and is not dependent on rich parishioners, tends to be a forward-looking agricultural leader.

In recent years rural preachers and priests have taken an active role in fighting for progressive issues of the day. The country church as a rule has been 100 percent behind Farm Security, the REA and the coöperative movement. Last year when a bill was introduced which discriminated against the small farmer and favored large absentee-owned farm corporations, Father John J. McGarry of the Catholic Rural Life Conference testified as follows: "The philosophy of the Catholic Rural Life, which I represent in the diocese of Sacramento, is that the federal government, or any government, has not only the right but also the duty to take care of the family-size farm owner." In all the official literature of this church organization corporation farming and concentration of ownership are denounced.

Other church organizations are also doing their best to stop the trend toward the large-scale absentee ownership which is strangling rural community life. A few years ago, at the last national conference of the Church of the Brethern at McPherson, Kansas, steps were taken to establish a $50,000 revolving fund to be used in helping young men establish themselves on farms. This church has in many instances bought farms outright and sold them to young married men who promised to become community leaders. At Big Lick, Tennessee, under the leadership of Reverend Eugene Smathers, 25 homestead units have been established by the Presbyterian Church, and at Alpine, Tennessee, another project has been specializing in forest farming.

MANY of these plans which are springing up over the country require that the minister be both preacher and farmer. A rural church in Jaspar County, Iowa, in 1943 purchased a 100-acre farm. The local minister lives in the house and the members do the farming on a coöperative basis. The returns from the land go to support the church. One of the more recent plans to assist rural ministers is sponsored by the Methodists. (Their 8.5 million membership, two-thirds of which lives in small towns and on farms, is larger than that of any other Protestant church.) The Methodists have been losing members and ministers in rural communities because of a decline in soil fertility and farm population. Their present strategy includes several "rural missionaries" who live upon and operate farms acquired and held by the church. These missionaries are farmer-preachers permanently residing in the community and bearing their share of all duties and responsibilities. They are guaranteed a base annual salary in cash, plus "home, food and fiber." The money is derived from the cash crops produced and from the local church. If these do not produce the full salary, the difference is paid by the National Church Organization.

ONE novel way in which the church is meeting rural needs is the work carried on by an "extension minister." Last year the Reverend Gene W. Wetherell was appointed extension minister by the Bible College of Missouri at Columbia. Wetherell, who is well trained in both agriculture and religious work, sponsors 4-H clubs, extension clubs and other farm groups.

The Department of Agriculture is also interested in the problems of the rural church. In March, 1946, M. L. Wilson, director of the Extension Service, called a conference of rural-church leaders, and representatives of all denominations enthusiastically responded. Several national organizations are working through church groups to further conservation measures and bring about better rural communities. One of these is the Friends of the Land. This organization, in cooperation with Wisconsin churches and public agencies, is inaugurating April 20 as "National Soil Sunday" in order to promote soil-conservation measures.

Country preachers, rural church groups and organizations remind us once again of man's universal dependence upon the soil. A Negro sharecropper, Louisiana Dunn Thomas, once wrote a poem which tells you what I am trying to say:

We are tenants of the Almighty
Entrusted with a portion of his Earth
To dress and keep
And pass on to the next generation
When evening comes and we must fall asleep.

ANGUS MCDONALD

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Radio

Spots Before the Ears

BEFORE long, your local radio station will be offered a new type of jingle. In pleasant tune and lilting lyric, sung perhaps by the Jesters or Evelyn Knight or Maxine Sullivan, a transcription spot of 30-second or one-minute duration will be able to use the radio to peddle something besides cold cures or liver ease. The Jesters, a top popular trio, have just recorded the song printed here, "On Racial Tolerance." It will probably be known as "Skin Song." It's coming to your station soon. It's one of a new series of Spots with a Purpose.

Purely in the interest of science, I subjected myself last week to a barrage of commercial radio spots, played for me wholesale by a kind lady who presides over the transcription files of a large radio enterprise. After we had heard dozens and dozens of them, I asked her if she could help select the worst. "It's so hard to tell," she sighed, "so hard."

Until now, no one has really done anything about the spots except preach against them. For spots are Big Business. Stations make a lot of money out of them, and advertisers seem to think they sell things. A glance at a time-price schedule of a station picked at random shows how expensive the spot time is. KDTH, at Dubuque, Iowa, charges $35 for 15 minutes of Class "A" (peak) time; but a 30-second spot, same station, same time, cost $6—or at a rate of $180 for 15 minutes. Since advertising is not notoriously a business that throws away money, it's obvious that the spot technique has been found effective. Now the technique has been adapted for Spots with a Purpose.

The title of the new spot series is "Keep Faith with America." Ted Cott, program director of Station WNEW, New York, developed the first batch of "Keep Faith" spots last fall. Through effective combination of music, sound and narration by Jay Jostyn, star of "Mr. District Attorney," these spots preached tolerance, democracy, understanding. They were excellent. The Institute for Democratic Education distributed the transcriptions free to radio stations all over the country, and about 250 stations used the series. When racial trouble brewed in Chicago and Mayor Kelly set up a Commission on Human Relations to Do Something, the commission used these spots as part of its local radio campaign to ease tension. Similar use was made of the series by quasi-official interracial organizations in Connecticut and Detroit.

BUT the old series lacked the sparkle of the professionally turned jingle that is the most effective component of the best spots. Expert tunesmiths were needed to make "Keep Faith with America" as popular as Pepsi-Cola's spot or Chiquita Banana's advice on unrefrigerated fruit. That professional infusion has now been given the new series through jingles devised by Hy Zaret and Lou Singer.

Zaret and Singer are Tin Pan Alley experts whose success is attested by such numbers as "One Meatball" and "The Lass with the Delicate Air." Zaret himself is the author of the "Hit Parade" theme song, as well as of such pieces as "It All Comes Back to Me Now" and "There I Go." Singer's "Sleepy Serenade" and "Keep Smilin'" prove his ability to turn out a tune that's catchy.

The Zaret-Singer team has gone to work on the new "Keep Faith with America" series with a vengeance. Asked by WNEW for six numbers, they have done 16. The "Skin" song reproduced here is only a sample, *sans* score. If you have heard their "Atom and Evil" (recorded for Decca by the Golden Gate Quartet) or their just issued Decca album, "Patrick Henry and the Frigate's Keel" (based on the Howard Fast story), you may have an idea of the kind of musical excitement they can bring to a project like Spots with a Purpose.

YOUR local radio-station manager may not admit it publicly, but he is just as fed up as you are with so many of the commercial spots that are harsh, uncouth, sometimes downright vulgar. He will welcome the "Keep Faith with America" jingles fabricated by Zaret and Singer and sung by people of top talent, but he may need some encouragement from you. And just in case he hasn't the address of the distributor (the jingles are free), tell him it's the Institute for Democratic Education, located at 415 Lexington Avenue, New York 17.

SAUL CARSON

On Racial Tolerance

You can get good milk from a brown skinned cow;
The color of the skin doesn't matter nohow.
Ho, ho, ho—haw, haw, haw,
You can learn common sense at the groc'ry store.

Heard a choo-choo say to a railroad track
Don't care if passengers are white or black.
Ho, ho, ho—use your brain,
You can learn common sense from a railroad train.

As the peach pit said to the apple core,
"The color of our skins doesn't matter any more."
Ho, ho, ho—can't you see,
The color of your skin doesn't matter to me.

Music by Lou Singer, lyrics by Hy Zaret

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Theatre

Lyric Morality

"THE GREAT CAMPAIGN," by Arnold Sundgaard, is the fourth of the Experimental Theatre's ventures, and as a true experiment in fresh forms and undercommercial drama is well ahead of the three plays that we have seen hitherto at the Princess. The story deals with an Ohio farmer who runs against a machine candidate for the presidency and is finally defeated through having his speech stolen and delivered by his rival; the people vote for the speech and the rival, so that the farmer loses and at the same time, in a sense, wins. This bare outline is but a small part of the play, which introduces country dancing, festival choral singing and vaudeville effects, all freely created and very often stirring. The play is never quite pulled together; the latter part gets off into more or less routine plot development, though that does not do justice to the talent that is very manifest in the writing. Arnold Sundgaard has a full and appealing style, fresh and right. If the play remains not fully articulate as to the people and the rightness of heart in men as a whole, the lines in themselves are never false and some of the scenes move straight and are profoundly true in meaning and spirit. There is a warmth and humanity in this playwright's range that could be of great use to our theatre.

RICHARD WARING AS THE MAD HATTER

Rose Bogdanoff's costumes are excellent, and the music by Alex North, the settings by Robert Davison, the choreography by Anna Sokolow are more than adequate. Millard Mitchell plays the idealistic farmer with his strangely reserved honesty, not wasted here. Kay Loring as his wife is in the true vein, and Thomas Coley as the son establishes himself as a sensitive, promising young actor. One of the very best things about this event is the directing: Joseph Losey has in him what we most need in our theatre directors—spontaneity, freedom, beautiful, tender, natural feeling. All he needs is a certain snooty hardness that will get him into the headlines. And then what? Page John Wilson and the Theatre Guild.

THE American Repertory Theatre is reviving at the International an old favorite from the days of Eva Le Gallienne's Civic Repertory. In collaboration with Florida Friebus, she made a delightfully successful adaptation of "Alice in Wonderland" and "Through the Looking Glass," based on the immortal Tenniel drawings. So far as I can recall, this revival is every bit as good as the original if not better. Miss Le Gallienne's directing, invention and acting are all very notable indeed. Her White Queen, Margaret Webster's Red Queen and Philip Bourneuf's White Knight are witty, alive and fantastic beyond words. Bambi Linn is a capital choice for Alice. Nobody in the company plays badly, though there are various moments when the speeches are not audible enough. Noel Taylor's costumes are a complete success; the Buffano masks are perfect; and Richard Addinsell has written music that goes most happily with the play. The occasion is all pure theatre, and on a first-rate, shining plane. STARK YOUNG

Of All the Nerve

DESPITE the cool notices of almost all New York's daily critics, it appears that George Abbott's production of Max Shulman's "Barefoot Boy with Cheek" will be around the Martin Beck Theatre for some time to come. Just what the popular enthusiasm is about is hard to understand, unless you are one of those observers who finds anything Nancy Walker does overpowering (and Miss Walker is on the stage a good deal of the time as the campus Communist at the University of Minnesota). For the rest, this is a routine musical comedy, with average settings, costumes and dancing, if something less than average in the way of music and book. One stock character after another, the Big Man on Campus, the bumbling freshman, the moronic All-American, walks and talks through a succession of obvious scenes—the scramble after the fraternity pin, the big dance and the student-assembly elections.

Red-baiting is a word one should use with precision, but it doesn't seem unfair to apply it to a scene in the office of the college magazine involving Miss Walker and the Communist editor Boris Fiveyearplan.

In addition to Miss Walker, Ellen Hanley and Billy Redfield are pleasant as the necessary lovers, and a young refugee from burlesque, Red Buttons, does the best he can with what passes here for comedy. If one did not have such pleasant memories of "Too Many Girls," an earlier Abbott venture in the same field, it might be ungracious to demand charm and wit instead of mere speed and noise in this form of polite nonsense. G. M.

EVA LE GALLIENNE AS THE WHITE QUEEN

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Movies

Disappointment in Chaplin

CHARLES CHAPLIN spent two years writing his latest picture, "Monsieur Verdoux," and six or eight weeks producing it. He thinks that this, his first straight, speaking, dramatic role, is perhaps the most interesting piece of work he has ever done, but I am bewildered by it and disappointed. When Chaplin goes pseudo-current, as in "Modern Times," "The Dictator" and this film, he seems to concentrate his artistry and also his precise arrogance in turning back the clock. It is as if he pretends to have been away—and is setting time and action to suit the convenience of his return.

No actor has endeared himself to more audiences of all ages than has Chaplin, and no one else can make pictures exactly as he chooses. I don't know how it is possible for Chaplin to be commonplace, but, except for flashes of brilliance, he has handled here a wonderful story in, for him, an ordinary way. Many of his characters, in the unforgettable pictures that have gone before to instruct and illumine the hearts of men, have been stylized with such inspiration that they have become classic, if not allegorical. In "Monsieur Verdoux," only in the prison sequences and those spent with his real wife and child is Chaplin great or does he embroider his characterization of the elegant, thieving little murderer. The rest of the time he changes his clothes, and the garments are gems in themselves, but the different visits to the different wives cry out for the inventive variety he might have given them. There are a few hilarious scenes, but they are preceded and followed by yawning stretches of peculiarly dated, monotonous pieces of film. I am sorry that I couldn't cry with laughter or laugh through my tears, or even be impressed by the message of the movie.

Chaplin's idea, labored to the point of obviousness, is that it is no more evil for one man to murder that he may cherish and protect the ones he loves than for nations to murder wholesale. In his faraway, good world Chaplin has always battled injustice—the little man with courage that breaks the heart, the clown whose spirit was ever delicate yet strong, like wings which soared above humiliation and defeat. But in this episodic film, he has failed to put over convincingly either his vast, tasteful knowledge or his message. Had he made a dramatic picture of value using his Bluebeard-Robin Hood motif, it might have been unnecessary to label his intentions—the work would have stood of itself to point the way people and countries should not go.

The casting of the picture, with the exception of Martha Raye—and she is ill used—is what one might imagine

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Chaplin would do, tongue-in-cheek, to illustrate how not to populate and handle a film. I kept thinking of another puzzling artist—Sergei Eisenstein—who insists on archaic body movements, fantastic faces, and the right to declare a reaction true because it has occurred to him arbitrarily and he has photographed it. What I, in my admiring innocence, thought Chaplin would do with this story was to lend his true genius to reality, for once. I have been interested in Martha Raye, for instance, ever since I realized that, were it not that her living was predicated on making strange noises with a sad, big mouth, given a real acting part to do she would be wonderful. Erich von Stroheim once took a comedienne named Zazu Pitts and encouraged her to give one of the finest dramatic performances ever seen on the screen.

I thought Chaplin might do something even better than "Greed," and would play, with that wondrous voice of his, a real person, surrounded with characters that would live. Martha Raye performed at his bidding all the tricks she must be sick of. Chaplin's new discovery, Marilyn Nash, who in the story starts out as his proverbial waif and ends up in gold lamé, dripping feathers, might very possibly be a refugee from the offices of Powers or Conover—a model in a raincoat, holding a wet kitten instead of a hatbox. Sometimes she looks stunning, but lots of times she is photographed as if by an unsympathetic mother-in-law.

VERDOUX was a bank clerk for many weary years until he lost his job. Left with his beloved family to support, he turns to murdering ladies for their cash. He learned in banking circles how to count notes, and one of the fondest memories I have of "Monsieur Verdoux" is his twinkling fingers rifling through a few thousand francs. He has many names: I counted Verdoux, Vernay, Bonheur and—presumably to honor his hard-working assistant director—Florey.

Again and again, Chaplin uses the device of railway wheels to show his scurries from one victim to another. His real wife is an invalid, laden with patience, sweetness, light and heavy braces in a wheelchair. He is dedicated to keeping her alive and happy, and she adores him from afar as some sort of traveling salesman who invariably has to leave the following morning.

Martha Raye plays the lardy victim who gives him the most trouble. She is not only boisterous and boring to him, but seems impossible to kill. She thinks he is a sea captain whose ship is mysteriously in need of repairs at frequent intervals. Verdoux is a great guy for poison in wine, but wife Annabella Bonheur (Raye) whackily makes it most difficult to administer. First, since the poison is in a bottle marked peroxide, her maid carefully smears it over strand after strand of her own hair. This is no simple rat poison, but an invention of a pharmacist friend and it makes the maid's hair come out in handfuls. Bonheur-Raye, to whom a glass of wine is a glad and merry thing, then accidentally switches glasses on Verdoux; and since he is behind in his wooing of an untried, rich widow, he decides to settle Martha later. The widow capitulates to his cool, formal charm and another wedding is arranged. In here, somewhere, there is a scene in which Verdoux tries to drown Raye. He, of course, and delightfully, takes all the falls, and ends up in the lake.

AT THE end, members of the family of a departed wife recognize Verdoux dining with the ex-waif. He does some pretty magical mingling with the crowds in his old way, but in a short while a detective, who's been meticulously counting his wives, catches up with him. There is, in the dock, the expected Chaplin lecture on life, the world and its morals. On the other hand, there is a scene in prison when the priest comes to console Chaplin, which is the stuff of which the whole picture might have been made. When Chaplin, white-haired and beautiful, talks to that priest, he displays at last the taste he alone has, and which is lacking in great chunks of the movie. He is again our great actor creating the art he knows. How he can look at this perfect scene and condone many of the others that came before it, I cannot imagine.

SHIRLEY O'HARA

• • • *News of*

UNUSUAL BOOKS

Our theme today is, the impotence of the big-time book reviewers.

Once a week they discover a "new masterpiece," but bypass books like *Of Human Bondage* and *Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man.*

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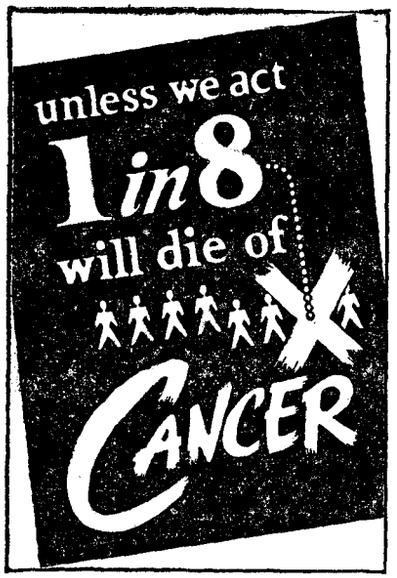

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Music

Freedom of Song

A DEMONSTRATION occurred in Boston last week when Kirsten Flagstad sang from the stage of Symphony Hall to an American audience for the first time since she went back to Norway in the spring of 1941. In the course of the afternoon the applause attained such volume that several hours afterward she still complained to her manager, George Engles, "I think I have lost my hearing."

A very different sort of demonstration might have greeted the celebrated Wagnerian soprano. Since her concert tour was first announced, an energetic campaign has been under way to persuade the American public to reject her as a Nazi. A high degree of anonymity has often characterized these efforts, an important exception to the rule being Walter Winchell, who has kept the subject a prominent feature of his broadcasts.

The attack began in Minneapolis. On February 8 the Minneapolis *Tribune* reported in a front-page story that James Lombard, director of the University of Minnesota Artists Course, had rejected "four explanatory approaches" from Engles for an engagement of Mme. Flagstad on the university concert series. The report was erroneous, for to this very day no negotiations have taken place between Lombard and Engles.

Nevertheless, the report was picked up by the weekly theatrical trade paper, *Variety,* and run with phraseology but not content changed, under the headline "Nazi 'Tie' Held Key to Flagstad Minneapolis Nix." A few days later the *Variety* article was photographed without the knowledge or permission of the magazine and mailed to an extensive list of musicians, concert managers and newspapermen. The copy received at the *New Republic* came in a plain envelope bearing a New York postmark, with no clue inside or outside to the identity of the sender.

Efforts to discredit the singer continued in an unsuccessful attempt about a month ago to organize a Charlotte, North Carolina, veterans' group into a picket line for the forthcoming Flagstad recital. Last week a similar attempt was launched in Philadelphia by the *Jewish Times,* which urged its readers to picket the recital at the Academy of Music and to write letters of protest to the newspapers. No similar enterprise has taken shape in New York, where Mme. Flagstad sings in Carnegie Hall on April 20; Winchell, who had suggested the idea earlier, in his March 30 broadcast urged New Yorkers *not* to plan a demonstration.

THE attitude of the Boston audience is a heartening instance of the public's refusal to be inflamed by unsubstantiated charges. Perhaps it was impolitic of Mme. Flagstad to rejoin her husband, Henry Johansen, in 1941, since he was apparently a traitor (though the accusation is unproved, since he died before his case came to trial). But no evidence supports the inference that Mme. Flagstad returned to Norway for any except domestic reasons. The Norwegian authorities, by their own statement, "have found that there was no sufficient basis for instituting legal proceedings against Mme. Flagstad." Edwin McArthur, Mme. Flagstad's accompanist, who held the power of attorney over all her funds in this country, testifies that the singer took with her $300 in cash and $4,000 in traveler's checks, many of which are still intact, and that none of her resources earned in America ever came into the hands of the Quislings.

Her art she withheld completely from the Germans. During the war she sang in public only four times—twice in Sweden and twice in Switzerland. She never sang in Germany or Norway, in concert or in opera or on the radio.

Since the Nazi charge is completely unconfirmed—though certainly there has been time for confirmation if any were possible—Mme. Flagstad is entitled to sing anywhere she chooses in the United States. And her audiences are entitled

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to enjoy her great art without interference of conscience.

ANOTHER soprano whose career was interrupted by the war is Daniza Ilitsch, the Yugoslav prima donna who reached this country just in time to sing twice before the end of the Metropolitan's season, and to undertake several leading roles on tour. As a result of her aid to the underground movement, Miss Ilitsch was put in a concentration camp and escaped death only by the arrival of the Russians.

Miss Ilitsch is an important addition to the Metropolitan roster. Despite some imperfections in her generally well schooled singing, she is potentially the first real dramatic soprano the company has had since the retirement of Rosa Ponselle. At her best she achieves both a broad, heroic vocal line and considerable refinement of phrasing. She seems as yet unacquainted with some of the graces of operatic deportment, however, and should give up the unwieldy platform shoes with which she seeks to increase her height.

VLADIMIR HOROWITZ has recorded the Beethoven "Moonlight" sonata for Victor (album no. DM-1115, two 12-inch records, $3), and even one as allergic to Horowitz's musical salesmanship as I am can hardly fail to agree that the first movement is a dream of lovely relaxed tone, and that the rest of the sonata, except for an excited smash finish, is playing right out of the top drawer. Another set eminently worth having is Stravinsky's own performance, with the New York Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra, of the revised version of "The Fire Bird." Two years ago Stravinsky put together this new suite —his third arrangement of the materials —from the familiar ballet, adding portions of the original ballet score which do not appear in the best known (second) suite, and touching up the orchestration in passages which are otherwise unchanged. The orchestra plays brilliantly, full of the wonderful rhythmic elan Stravinsky is always able to inspire in his conducting (Columbia, MM-653, four 12-inch records, $5.25). Stravinsky's early "Fireworks" is on the extra side.

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featured in the current issue

"THE OUTLOOK FOR A NEW FEPC" by Malcolm Ross. The former chairman of the wartime Committee on Fair Employment Practice outlines the kind of permanent FEPC law that is needed and its chances in the present Congress.

"THE FAITH OF HENRY WALLACE" by David T. Bazelon. A searching examination of Wallace's Populist background in relation to his program.

"UNITED NATIONS: CULTURAL DIVISION." Stephen Spender discusses the possibilities and limitations of UNESCO and the danger of its degenerating into a mere bureaucracy dedicated to the perpetuation of mediocrity.

"SHOULD JEWS CHANGE THEIR OCCUPATIONS?" by Samuel H. Flowerman. A sober examination of the oft-heard charge that Jews are concentrated in "unproductive" positions in the American economy.

"THE 'ALIENATION' OF MODERN MAN." In the monthly department "The Study of Man" Nathan Glazer examines this fundamental concept of modern social thinking.

PLUS

"Budget of a Fish Factory" by Meyer Levin—the economic realities of communal living in Palestine; "From Mendelssohn to Kafka" by Heinz Politzer; "The Peoples of My Home Town" by Solomon F. Bloom; "The Month in History" by Sidney Hertzberg; Fiction; Book Reviews.

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Michael Straight, *Publisher, presents the $500 first-prize award to* Ashur Baizer, *winner of the New Republic's Short Story Contest for War Veterans now attending college under the GI Bill of Rights, while* Baizer *is congratulated by* Henry Wallace, *New Republic Editor.*

New Republic Short Story Contest Winner Receives Prize Award

The New Republic's contest aimed at the discovery of fresh, authentic voices among World War II veterans. Over 2,000 stories and sketches were submitted from veterans at colleges throughout the country. They were judged by *Marshall Best,* Editor of Viking Press; *Frank Taylor,* recently Editor of Reynal & Hitchcock; and *Otis Wiese,* Editor of McCall's.

The first prize-winning story, *"Living Amoeba,"* by *Ashur Baizer,* is a character study set in a wartime Army hospital. It appears on page 24 of this issue. The author is a Columbia University English student, veteran of 52 months Army service, including Signal Corps duties in England, France and Germany.

Jesse McCracken, student at Guilford College, North Carolina, is the winner of the 2nd prize of $250.

Five awards of $50 each went to: *Donald McInnis,* Stanford University, California; *Richard Seaver,* University of North Carolina; *Elvin Albaum,* Brooklyn College, New York; *Emmett Robinson,* University of Texas; and *Jerry Bick,* Columbia University, New York. The prizes also included thirty honorable mention awards of one-year New Republic subscriptions.

Watch Forthcoming Issues of the New Republic for Other Winning Stories

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United Nations News

Gromyko with Friends

THE man in the blue-serge suit, the reserved diplomat from the Soviet Union, the hero-villain of Lake Success, put on his horn-rimmed spectacles to deliver two major speeches at the United Nations early last week. Andrei Gromyko spoke quietly—once in Russian, once in English. He discussed disarmament and the US plan to aid Greece and Turkey. In neither case was any conclusive action taken, but Gromyko himself managed to convey the same underlying thought in both speeches: that disunity between his country and the Western powers exists to an alarming degree; that he, officially, would like to do something to replace disunity with security; that militarism is no way to solve the problem.

He spoke to an overflow audience which included, aside from the usual number of high-school students and Long Island clubwomen, 90 honor men from West Point. Before the session began, Gromyko obliged photographers by shaking hands with several of the cadets at the door to the Council Chamber. The cadets stood stiff and immaculate, impeccable but tongue-tied and awed in the presence of the youngest and most celebrated UN diplomat.

Gromyko's speech before the Armaments Commission was a plea for the immediate reduction of weapons, even before controls are established. But the speech was also a preparation for the cadets, the students and the afternoon audience in general which had come to hear Gromyko attack the US plan to aid Greece and Turkey. The Soviet position in both speeches was based on the premise that large armies and large military budgets are neither necessary nor desirable in a world at peace—or in a world striving for peace; that aid with military supplies does not lead to peace.

Audience reaction to the attack on the US aid plan was not as mixed as one would have thought. A kind of disinterested silence had greeted Austin's remarks the week before, but Gromyko held his audience. This was partly because he spoke in English. His low voice, his accent and his characteristic drop at the end of a sentence make close attention essential. Except for the cadets, who had been warned against voicing opinions, the audience was enthusiastically pro-Gromyko. So was the press. As one newspaperman facetiously remarked to a member of the American delegation: "Now aren't you ashamed?"

SUGGESTION FOR A NEW TURKISH POSTAGE ISSUE

BYRON PRICE, it appears from members of the staff, is or will be a cure-all. A few short weeks ago, everything connected with the UN Secretariat was chaos. Almost no one had a contract and some hadn't even a living wage. There was a noticeable absence of morale and of confidence in those handling staff problems. Since the time when Price took over the top administration post from John B. Hutson, the results have been few, but the feeling is much better.

For one thing Price has been willing to admit that there is a staff problem. He has granted one of the major requests of the employees' Staff Committee by setting up an Appeals Board,

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which has left the Staff Committee united in its favorable opinion of Price but divided in its opinion on the need for a union.

Before Price came there were those who felt that a bona-fide union, with real bargaining powers, though not necessarily with any national union affiliation, was the only long-term solution. Many still feel that way, but Price has stolen their dynamite by promising a realistic solution.

Today most Staff Committee members and most of the Secretariat prefer to think of themselves as men serving an ideal. If they are wronged, they would rather discuss than bargain. Constantin Stavropoulos, from Greece, is chairman of the Staff Committee and spokesman for this point of view. His feeling is that much can be accomplished with no ill feeling while Price is around. He points out that the Appeals Board (composed of representatives from the staff and from the Secretary-General) will have a crack at the wholesale terminations announced last month. True, the Board has only advisory powers and can act only when the individual involved makes the appeal. But the Secretary-General is quite likely to heed its advice. Moreover, far-reaching improvements will be under way at the same time. Salaries in lower brackets will be raised ($240,000 can be used for this purpose); a general salary plan will be worked out; some 50 percent of the Secretariat will receive long-term contracts (only 25 percent, mostly in higher salary brackets, now hold them).

MEANWHILE the UN's Advisory Committee on Budgetary Matters, composed of representatives from nine member nations, is in session. It will meet twice again before the General Assembly passes on next year's budget and it is certain that neither its members nor the Assembly can afford to look on the Secretariat as a mechanical toy that operates every time it is wound. Staff morale must be raised. "When we are satisfied," Stavropoulos says, "we will produce three times more work. But we need to know that we are considered. Most of us believe in the UN. Someone must make the ideal real."

JANE BEDELL

Correspondence

Primer on Greece

SIR: "What's all the hubbub about Greece?" I asked Domenicus, my butler, as he was helping me into my new spring suit.

"President Truman is asking Congress for $250 million for the Greek government."

"I wouldn't object to that," I commented. "The Greeks were giving me nice, flashy shoeshines while I was living in Chicago; they are good, honest people."

"But the money is not to be expended, sir, upon the needs of the Greek people; it is to be used for the suppression of the Greek people's rebellion against their unwanted king."

"President Truman is an orthodox democrat, Domenicus; we can trust him to settle the Greek crisis the correct American way. Two hundred and fifty million dollars is nothing much to worry about."

"Unfortunately, sir, it will cost much more. It is already safe to predict there will be no budget balancing, no tax reduction and a fiscal deficit of at least $10 billion; and no homes for the veterans."

"I cannot follow your reasoning, Domenicus. You have no idea how big a bargain we can offer in war materials. Left-over armaments have hardly any sales value to speak of. President Truman can have $2,000 million worth of armaments marked down to $200 million. By the time the Greeks have it shot away at each other, there will be no Greeks left."

"This will settle the Greek problem, to be sure, if it works out that way; but President Truman also demands $150 million for the priming of the Turkish pump of democracy. Chiang Kai-shek is also in an urgent need of at least $1 billion. I am merely attempting to point out to you, sir, that the task the President is imposing upon us is beyond our human and material resources. Now he is merely asking us to finance the curbing of 'un-American' activities in Turkey and Greece; but after he gets the money he will come for more and more, and then some more. There is China, India, Spain, Belgium. . . ."

"Don't shout at me. I can hear you. You said Chiang needs a billion. Well, a billion or two will constitute a barely perceptible increase in our $260 billion indebtedness. I don't expect any difficulties in getting the money appropriated."

"Let's take a look, sir, at the picture in China. Chiang's anti-Communist crusade to date has cost many billion dollars, more than $3 billion of which were American dollars; and there are today at least

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ten times as many Communists in China as there were on the day Chiang's drive upon them was launched. By his anti-Communist crusade President Truman may wreck the United States even more completely than Chiang has wrecked China, and, at the same time, increase the number of Communists tenfold."

"In other words, you would say President Truman's anti-Communist crusade will accomplish nothing."

"It will enhance the standard of living of the buzzards."

"Domenicus, I have urgent business in town. Can you tell me in a dozen words or less what would you do about the democracy-preserving business if you were in Truman's shoes?"

"To survive, democracy must be made more contagious than communism."

Scappoose, Ore. VINCENT NOGA

Nobel, Not Pulitzer

SIR: In the *New Republic* for March 3, you refer to Pulitzer Prize-winner Enrico Fermi. You surely mean Nobel Prize.

Lawrence, Kans. JOSEPHINE BURNHAM

[We did. – THE EDITORS]

Questions for the US

SIR: According to the Gallup Poll, some 60 to 70 percent of the American people are "thinking" that war against Soviet Russia is inevitable.

Does this fact mean that a great majority of us are agreeing with Hitler that "Bolshevism" must be destroyed, as recommended by such distinguished world citizens as Herbert Hoover, Winston Churchill and Pope Pius?

If so, does it follow that the American people, after spending considerable blood and much treasure to liberate the world from fascism, are now going fascist? Heil, Hitler!

If so, what? Is "Christian" civilization ending? Will the Christian Era go out as the Atomic Era comes in?

Can anything be done about Native American Fascism?

Washington, D. C. R. FRANCHOT

Make Democracy Safe for Standard Oil

SIR: I should like to express my gratitude for your article, "Realism in the Middle East," in the *New Republic* of March 24. It certainly clarifies the issues underlying our relentless progress toward a new war. It inspired in me the following verse:

CHEER UP, BROTHER; THERE IS NO HOPE

We should not tremble in our boots
At war's reverberations
Or pin our silly hopes upon the frail
United Nations,
But gladly fight on foreign soil
To save the life of Standard Oil
And its affiliations.

New York City MARY L. INMAN

The Bandwagon

Walls of Jericho

Wiley [Alexander Wiley, R, Wis.], chairman of the Senate Judiciary Committee, called . . . for formation within the UN of a "United Democratic States of Europe" which would exclude Russia and her "satellite" states. He argued this would build a barrier against the "ideological warfare" waged by dictator-states and would help avoid another war. – *From* PM.

Trivial

Herbert Hoover found strong Republican and Democratic support in Congress today for his proposal to revive German industrial production minus its military potential. . . . Senator Ellender (D, La.) declared that France "should not seriously protest because her only objection is based on the theory that if Germany grows too strong another war may be in the offing." – *AP dispatch from Washington.*

Government Intervention?

On the eve of President Truman's message to Congress, Standard Oil of New Jersey decided to invest more than $300 million in this [Middle East] region. Our interest must be protected. – *From Kenesaw M. Landis II's column in the Chicago* Sun.

Report of Progress

Note: Realtors are in good shape on the House side, where Representative Jesse Wolcott is ready to jam through a bill virtually killing the veterans' housing program. Wolcott, who is chairman of the Banking and Currency Committee, would scrap government power to channel materials to veterans and limit the amount of commercial construction. – *From Stanley E. Cohen's column* in Advertising Age.

Largesse

. . . Immediately after her arrival, she [Lady Mendl] plans to restore her beautiful villa at Versailles to its prewar elegance and make it a comfortable dwelling for Sir Charles and herself. In this way she will be able to provide

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RESEARCH

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work for the neighboring folk and peasants, who are really hungry at times. – *From Princess Conchita Sepulveda Pignatelli's column in the Los Angeles* Examiner.

There's Good News Tonight!

The rate of death among Equitable policyholders continued favorable in 1946. Savings through mortality helped to offset the effect of the low rate of return that your Society was able to earn on its investments. – *From the 1946 Annual Report of the Equitable Life Assurance Society.*

Next Thing to It

Incidentally, all the Mexicans who had anything important to do with the picture ["The Fugitive"] speak English and Pedro Armendariz, who has one of the major roles, can throw idioms around as if he'd been born in the United States. As a matter of fact, he was born in Texas. – *From Virginia Lee Warren's column in the New York* Times.

The Inscrutable East

The Communists undoubtedly, according to Potsdam, Yalta and Teheran Treaties, were given reason to believe they would be allowed to intervene in the Mediterranean. They have got to be told now that this cannot be.

It is going to be tough going because the Russians with their Oriental complexity of mind will not understand this. – *Elsa Maxwell in her syndicated column.*

Demonstration

Presidential Envoy Paul A. Porter told the House Foreign Affairs Committee that the United States should prove by power-backed aid to Greece that democracy is "superior to any other system." – *From the Duluth* News-Tribune.

Comforting

FREE—Amazing Gift Book of Fantastic War Weapons that Defy Wildest Imagination—Assure Lasting World Peace! – *From an advertisement of* War in the Atomic Age?

Our readers are invited to contribute; $2 will be paid for each item used. Address Bandwagon, c/o New Republic. *Please enclose the original clipping.* – THE EDITORS

Letter of the Week

(Continued from page 3)

000 tons monthly—about equal to the prewar figure—and rubbermen forecast a further increase in output of 25 percent by the end of this year.

MORE important for the future of British Malaya, however, than trade figures is the fresh air of progressive ideas blowing across this land. In plantation and commercial circles the old colonial outlook still lingers in spots. The thought processes of the "old Singapore hands" are not transformed in a day. But in the local administration the Socialist accent is strong; one gets the impression that Britain's Labor Government is sincerely trying to do a job here, and has sent out a bunch of men well qualified to put it through. Among them are Malcolm MacDonald (son of British Labor's first Prime Minister) as Governor-General of Malaya, and three official trade-union advisers—veterans of the British railwaymen's, boilermakers' and printing trade unions respectively—to advise and assist the embryonic Malayan unions. The Malaya to which Britain's administrators returned in September, 1945, was a different country from the one their colleagues left (or were incarcerated in) in 1942. Part of the population, British as well as native, harbored resentment against the English for having appeared to "run away" and leave the native communities to their fate. Other sections of Malaya's inhabitants had become adept at guerrilla tactics during the war years—the Chinese in "Force 136" and other Allied-sponsored underground organizations; Tamil Indians in the "Indian National Army" recruited by Subhas Chandra Bose, pro-Japanese Indian leader.

Finally, the Malayan Communist Party, illegal and underground until shortly before the fall of Singapore, went underground again during the Japanese occupation and—steered by top leaders, whose identity remains unknown—took advantage of the interregnum to form Communist cells throughout the country. The wartime

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record of these underground fighters had been mixed. Some had harassed the Japanese occupation forces good and plenty. But by no means had all been activated by disinterested motives. Many, during the war, developed their own rackets—ranging from extortion to kidnaping—as profitable sidelines, and so acquired a taste for the lawlessness which has been growing in Singapore and elsewhere in Malaya in recent months.

The war and the occupation over, the guerrillas buried their arms. Caches of concealed weapons are still occasionally being tracked down and seized by the Malayan authorities 18 months later. Having thus prepared for all eventualities, the former guerrillas proceeded to place themselves, and their knowledge of guerrilla techniques, at the disposal of the Malayan Communist Party. The Chinese intellectuals and old-guard politicians who had formed and dominated that party from the time of the Kuomintang-Communist split in China in 1927, lost control. Visible power passed into the hands of lawless elements; the Communist Party became an organization bent upon cashing in on the economic unrest in the wake of war.

BEYOND the reign of extortion, hijacking, theft, kidnaping and such like that followed, there was, however, a plan. The ultimate aim of the new leaders of the Communist cohorts was, quite simply, to engineer a breakdown of law and order; to foment strikes (and keep them going by strong-arm threats against all moderates favoring negotiated settlements) as the first step toward precipitating a state of chaos which would prove to the Malayan masses that they were stronger than the law.

The Malayan Communists are capably led. Whoever—hidden deep within the party—thought up that strategy undoubtedly calculated that a British Socialist government would hesitate to "get tough" until it was too late. Now the situation thus deliberately brought about in Malaya seems to be moving toward a showdown, and the next few weeks should reveal whether that calculation was sound.

Singapore HESSELL TILTMAN

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WHO are the real TERRORISTS?

With rage in their breasts—having failed to provoke Palestine Jewry into a civil war—the British have sent 100,000 troops, armed in full war regalia, to roam the country-side, the cities and villages of the Holy Land. Innocent men, women and children are being beaten up and homes ransacked under the pretext of suppressing violence.

With the help of rigid military censorship in Palestine, *American public opinion is being hoodwinked.* Acts of desperation by Jewish men and women—provoked by illegal military measures and deportation of Jewish refugees to concentration camps—are magnified. Acts of brutal terrorism by British military are glamorized.

A veritable barrage of photographs is being directed to this country, which depict the "poor British" in Palestine as martyrs. Why are not photographs permitted to reach these shores showing the clubbing of survivors of Nazi massacres, the shooting of a four-year-old Jewish girl and the wounding of her older sister who came to her rescue? Neither have we seen photographs of a cyclist shot to death while riding on a peaceful errand, or of the wanton destruction of Jewish homesteads by military patrols in peaceful settlements.

$400,000,000 has to date been spent on the maintenance of 100,000 troops in Palestine "for the sake"—in the words of Winston Churchill —"of a senseless, squalid war against the Jews." This money could profitably be used to provide the necessities of life to the British people at home!

●

The Zionist Organization of America has pledged its continued help to the stream of Jewish immigration into Palestine. It fights on all fronts to secure justice for the Jewish people and safeguard its rights to a Jewish Palestine before the United Nations.

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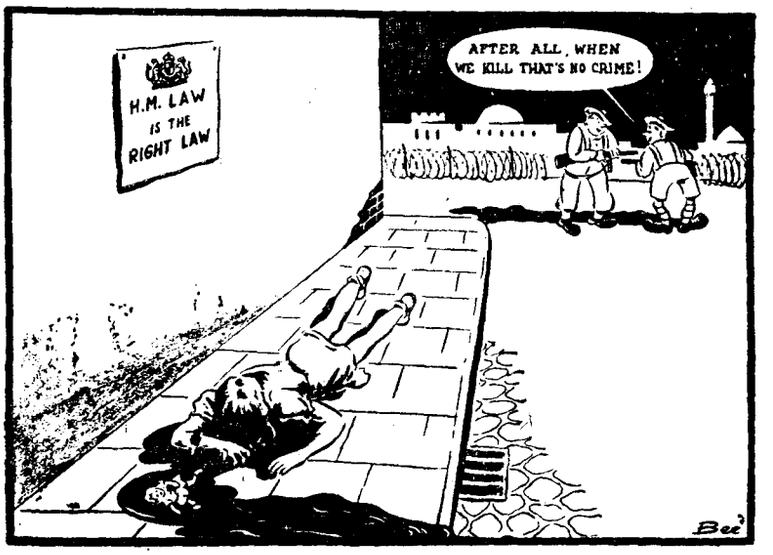

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